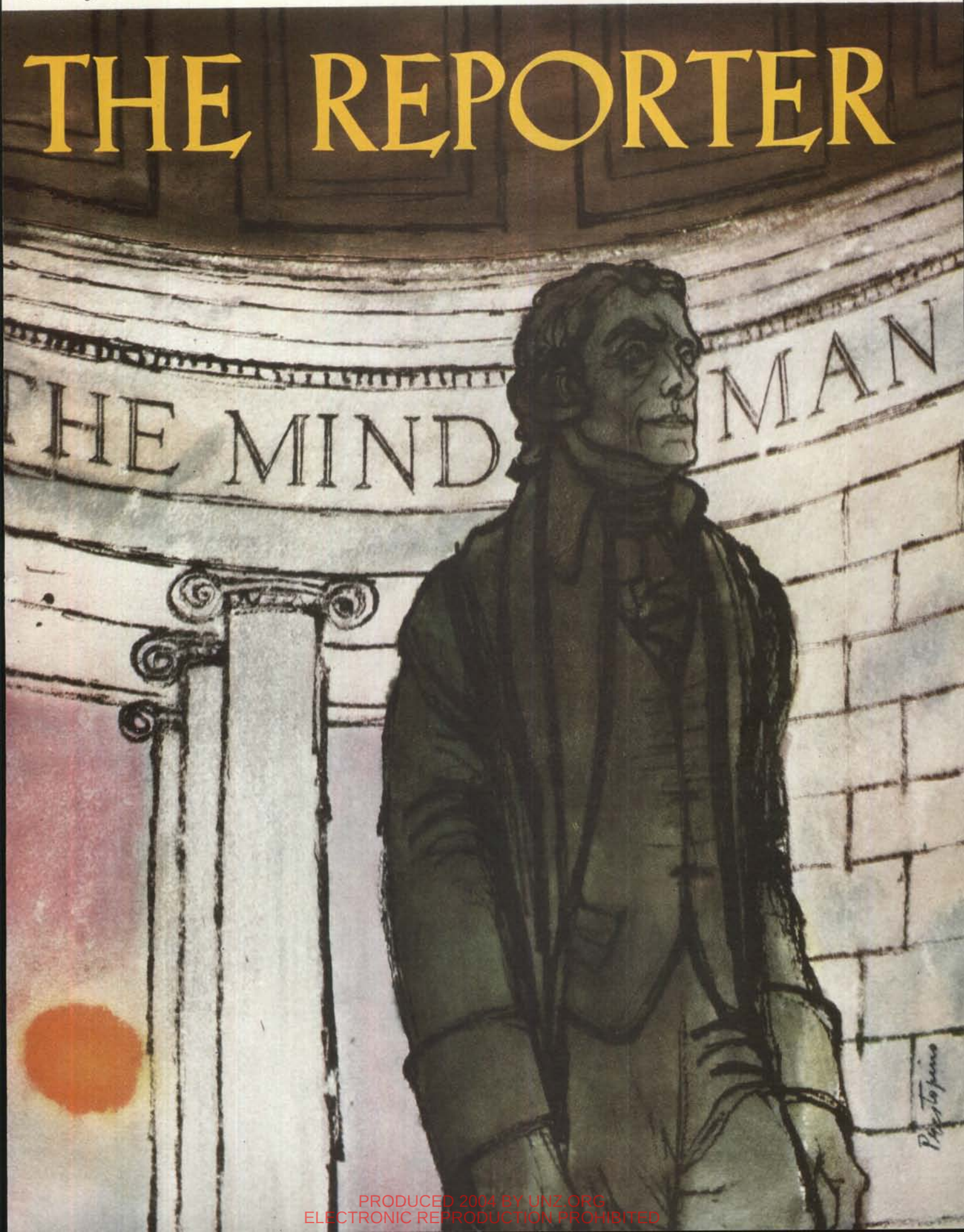
The Widening Missile Gap
January 8, 1959 25¢
The Berliners Make Their Choice

THE REPORTER



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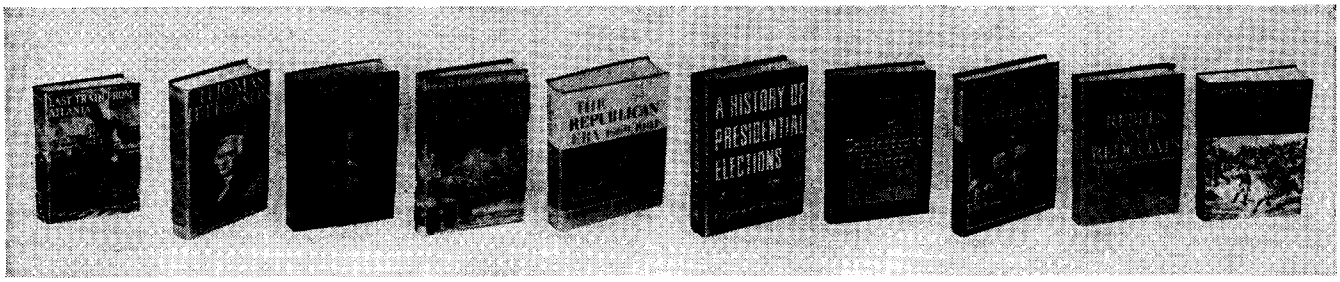

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Winter Book

Now that the nominating conventions are only a year and a half away, it's clear that the 1960 Presidential campaign is wide open and that we have an obligation to our readers to list the starters and post the early odds. It is not a task we particularly enjoy. American political campaigns have simply gotten too long; you've scarcely swept up after one before another one comes blaring and hooting down the street. Franklin Roosevelt used to be criticized for his jovial habit of strangling newborn Presidential candidates in their bassinets, but in those days there were at least a few months between elections in which, for better or worse, a senator was a senator, a governor was a governor, and, come to think of it, a President was a President.

There is certainly no shortage of Presidential candidates in Roosevelt's party these days. If it's a sunny day and the track is fast, the odds would seem to be pretty good on Senator Hubert Humphrey, the liberal Midwestern sprinter who has demonstrated his endurance in a grueling eight-hour steeplechase with Nikita Khrushchev on the tricky course at the Kremlin. But if the Communist storm clouds are holding the crowds pretty close to the clubhouse at post time, keep an eye on the steady mudder from Missouri, Stuart Symington. Harry Truman has jokingly offered to run a sort of three-legged sack race with the senator: if Symington is elected President, Truman will serve out his term in the Senate. Well, at least you get a lot for your money.

And then there's Senator Kennedy, but on the basis of his age we simply can't go along with the many other handicappers who rate him as the favorite; it's not that he's too young to be President, but supposing he was elected and served the maximum two terms—what in heaven's name would the country do with a fifty-one-year-old *former* President? He might go around offering to serve out unexpired Senate terms for new Presidential candidates, but that field is already crowded. In fact, ex-Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee, who went off the public payroll on January 1, may offer to take Estes Kefauver's place two years from now even if the senator *doesn't* get the nomination. Over in Arkansas Orval Faubus has a certain amount of support for the Presidential nomination, but what he really seems to want is a chance to serve out the unexpired terms of all nine Supreme Court justices. Among the other gubernatorial possibilities, Robert Meyner has done well on the Jersey flats but has not been tested on the bigger out-of-state tracks, and "Pat" Brown is handicapped by the fact that he is sure to be the favorite son of California, a state whose politicians it is increasingly difficult to take very seriously. If the weather seems to favor an egghead, Senator Clark of Pennsylvania might have a chance—that is, if Adlai Stevenson, who spent only two and a half hours with Khrushchev, has actually (we apologize for the expression) scratched himself. If the voters decide they want Humphrey's liberalism and Kennedy's good looks all done up in one package, Governor "Soapy" Williams of Michigan might be worth a two-dollar ticket as a long shot. That leaves only Senator Lyndon Johnson, but if the Twenty-third Amendment means anything at all, eight years of running the country is enough for one man and somebody else ought to be given a chance to see what he can do.

There would seem to be only two possibilities at present in the Republican stables—Nelson Rockefeller, who since his election has been saying plaintively that he would like to serve out his own unexpired term as governor of New York; and Vice-President Nixon, whose ideas about which unexpired term it would be nice to serve out have never been expressed in public.

Silent Witnesses

One trouble with western news coverage of the Soviet Union is that it mechanically applies a conception of "news" to a situation that is governed by radically different premises. All events being born equal, they are endowed in the West with an equal degree of fit-to-printness. In the Soviet Union, however, it is very often what is *not* fit to print that is really newsworthy. It is therefore understandable that, in reporting on the Pasternak case within Russia, our press has failed to remark the quite startling fact that *not one single prominent Soviet writer—not Ehrenburg, not Sholokhov, not Dudintsev—has in his own name breathed a public criticism of Pasternak.* This

ATLAS ASCENDANT

"Jupiter and Thor to Be Dropped in Favor of ICBMs"—New York Herald Tribune

The day of gods is done—dei, dies—
And rockets use Olympus as their base.

The gods have had their day—dei, diem—
Who thunders now in heaven? ICBM!

—SEC

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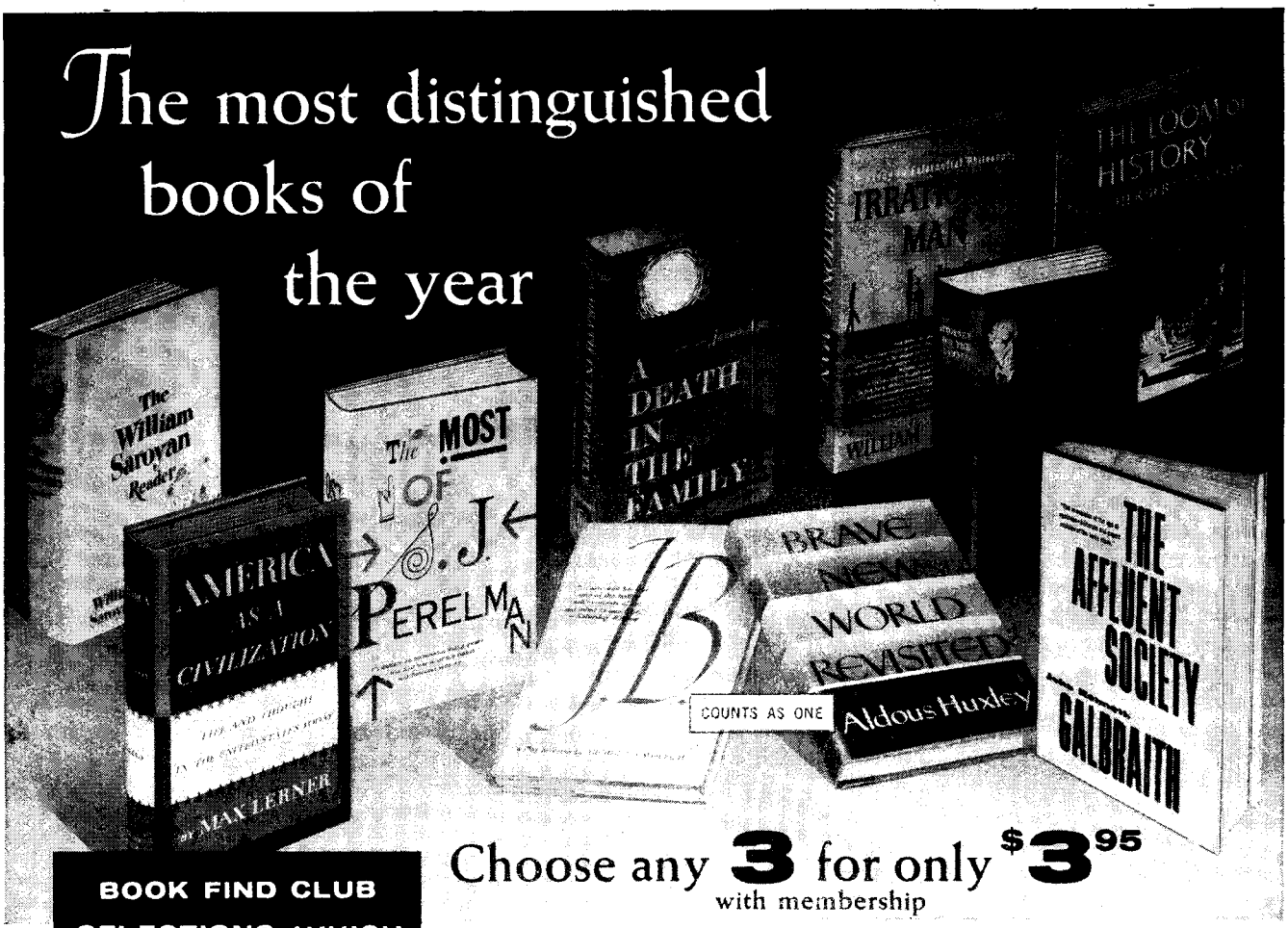

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fact is so extraordinary, so much at variance with traditional Soviet practice, that it is worth tracing the history of the affair in the Soviet press, for any clues it may offer.

(1) October 25. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* prints an unsigned editorial condemning Pasternak's acceptance of the Nobel Prize in terms which, under Stalin, could only have served as a preliminary to an obituary. Side by side with this, it publishes, at the request of the editorial board of the literary monthly *Novy Mir,* a long letter to Pasternak, dated September, 1956, setting forth its reasons for refusing to publish *Doctor Zhivago*. This is, by Communist standards, an intelligent, well-reasoned, and fairly restrained document that contrasts strangely with the editorial. Moreover, by quoting at length from the book, it acquaints the Soviet reader with precisely those ideological theses of Pasternak which allegedly made the novel's publication impossible in the Soviet Union.

(2) October 26. David Zaslavsky denounces Pasternak in *Pravda* in the most vulgar kind of Stalinist polemic. Zaslavsky, a party hack, is certainly not accepted as a "writer."

(3) October 28. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* prints a joint resolution of the board of the Union of Soviet Writers, the bureau of the organizational committee of the R.S.F.S.R. Union of Writers, and the presidium of the board of the Moscow branch of the R.S.F.S.R. Writers Union. In reporting this resolution denouncing and expelling Pasternak, the western press inadvertently gave the impression that it issued from the assembled Writers Union—whereas in fact there was no general meeting of any kind and it was merely the above-mentioned administrative organs that adopted the resolution "unanimously." The published resolution is accompanied by a note on the discussion preceding its "unanimous" adoption which contains the curious phrase "after a fierce debate." This can only mean that there was dissent from the resolution even at this eminent bureaucratic level.

(4) October 29. *Pravda,* one day late, carries the text of the resolution expelling Pasternak from the Union of Soviet Writers.

(5) October 30. Soviet papers publish Semichestny's speech to a mass meeting of Komsomols, which Khrushchev attended. Semichestny compares Pasternak to a pig. Only the official youth newspaper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* prints this pig passage. *Pravda* omits it.

(6) November 1. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* has a whole page under the banner headline "Anger and Indignation." The main feature is a short account of a general meeting of the Moscow branch of the Union of Writers, held the previous day, which passed a resolution urging the government to deprive "the traitor" Pasternak of his citizenship. Only thirteen writers are reported as taking part in this discussion; none of them is in the front rank.

(7) November 2. *Pravda* prints Pasternak's first letter in which he expresses his alarm at Khrushchev's "suggestion" that he be exiled.

(8) November 6. *Pravda* publishes Pasternak's second letter renouncing the Nobel Prize, ostensibly because of the interpretation placed on his book in the West.

(9) December 8. After nearly a month in which Pasternak is barely mentioned in the Soviet press, *Pravda* prints the opening address by L. Sobolev to the First Congress of the R.S.F.S.R. Writers Union, which contains a few scathing paragraphs directed at Pasternak. According to *Pravda*, these passages were greeted with "stormy applause." No other Soviet paper found them fit to print.

NEVER in the entire history of the Soviet Union has a press campaign been so badly orchestrated. (Some important papers—including *Izvestia*—hardly gave any coverage to the Pasternak affair at all.) Inefficiency is clearly not the explanation. Rather, it would seem to be a case of sheer bafflement before an experience the leadership was ill-equipped to foresee and cope with.

There can be no doubt, of course, that Khrushchev's indignation was genuine—just as there can be doubt that it was at Khrushchev's command that a "popular" demonstration was organized outside Pasternak's villa (with placards shrieking "Throw out the Judas!"), or that the Azerbaijan Writers Union passed their remarkable resolution which declared: "Pasternak's work is alien to Azerbaijan readers. It is no accident that his books have never been translated into our language."

But Khrushchev is not the Soviet Union. He may vilify Pasternak; or he may—as he did recently—invite Lysenko (remember him?) to address the party's Central Committee. But he cannot, apparently, always carry Soviet opinion, even on fairly official levels, along with him.

Silence can bear effective witness, in its own way, to Russian realities. Provided, that is, western observers know that silence can be "news."

These Things Were Said

¶ I think we still have a lot of selling and convincing to do even within the Army before people are willing to accept the ballistic missile as a means of transportation.—*Dr. Wernher von Braun in a radio-television interview.*

¶ So that day in 1952 somebody said: "But you can't have a heart attack *now*. You've got to vote tomorrow if we have to take you there on a stretcher." As I walked away from the polling place in that same autumn sunlight, I was struck down. . . . Later, I clawed my way through drugs and made out foggily a small bare room and a little nurse, sitting in one corner. When I stirred, she jumped up and asked if there was anything she could do for me. I said: "Tell me how the election turned out." She hesitated, disappeared, reappeared almost at once and said: "A landslide for Eisenhower." I stopped fighting the sedative and fell most peacefully asleep. —*Whittaker Chambers in the* National Review.

¶ The film deals with China's rectification campaign in which parents denounced children and children denounced each other. The Peiping review says this movie "is 20 minutes of sheer comedy."—*Report in the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

¶ Interviews with parents of nearly 600 children in the Detroit area indicate that mothers and fathers are coming under the influence of a welfare bureaucracy which affects their attitudes accordingly. As time passes, parents of the predominant middle-class will spank their youngsters more often.—*Press release from John Wiley & Sons, advertising* The Changing American Parent.

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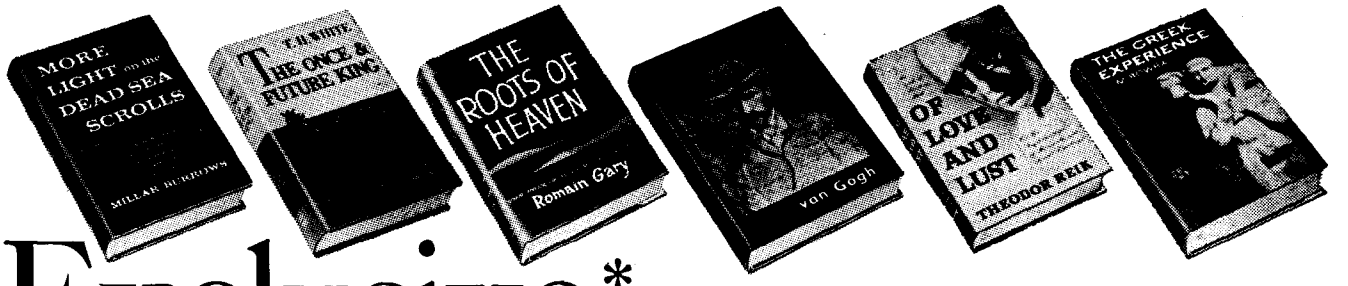

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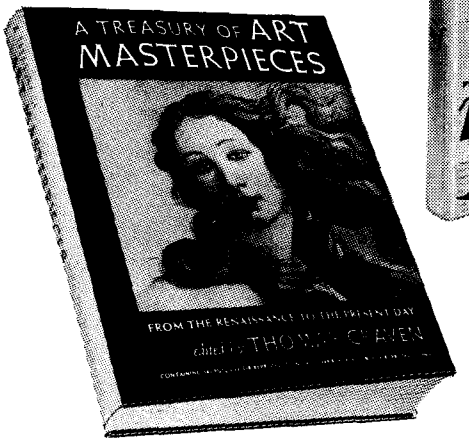

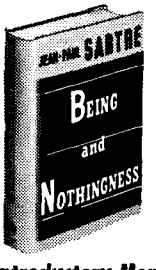

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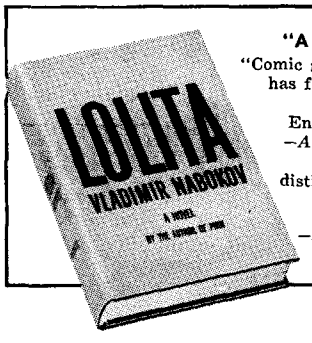

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CORRESPONDENCE

'ZHIVAGO' IN RUSSIA

To the Editor: On a trip to the Soviet Union last summer, anticipating some interest in Boris Pasternak's novel *Doctor Zhivago,* I took with me a few copies of the issues of *The Reporter* containing excerpts from the book. The reactions to my questions about Pasternak and the enthusiasm with which the copies of *The Reporter* were received may be of interest to your readers since they preceded the award of the Nobel Prize to Pasternak, which resulted in the first real publicity of *Doctor Zhivago* in the Soviet Union.

Pasternak was well known to virtually all the people with whom I came in contact either for his distinctive poetry or for his translations of the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, and Shelley. Several people were aware that Pasternak's poetry had been criticized in official circles, but very few volunteered criticism themselves. In contrast to the general familiarity with Pasternak's earlier work, only one young man, an Intourist interpreter with extensive opportunities for contact with westerners, knew that he had written the novel which at that time had already been acclaimed in the West as a great contribution to Russian literature. However, with the exception of one staunch patriot who refused to believe that any novel written by Boris Pasternak would not be available to his countrymen, I found that people were greatly interested in the new novel and concerned that it had been refused publication in the Soviet Union.

Unfortunately, I cannot relate individual reactions to the novel or to your magazine, since these were parting gifts. However, from the enthusiasm with which they were accepted and particularly in view of the recent furor in the Soviet press over the Nobel award, I think it fair to assume that these few copies of *The Reporter* will by this time have had considerable circulation among English-reading Soviet citizens. For those who have the opportunity to read them, your commendably nonpolitical introduction to the excerpts and the excerpts themselves should do much to allay any suspicions as to the genuineness of the praise *Doctor Zhivago* had received in the West that may have been created by the vitriolic condemnation of Pasternak's Nobel award in the Soviet press.

George Eddy
Chicago

DON'T TELL THE DEAN

To the Editor: I heartily agree with Marya Mannes's appraisal of the legal "case history" re-creations on TV ("Oyez, Oyez!" *The Reporter,* December 11). Yet in recommending these programs for drama students she forgot to mention their effect on us students of law—of course I am assuming a difference between law students and drama students. The daily afternoon version of "The Verdict Is Yours" has long been a favorite here at Hastings College of the Law.

I wouldn't want the Dean to know this, but it has been whispered in the halls that "The Verdict Is Yours" and "Divorce Court" are the only reasons some second-year students are passing this year's evidence course. It is also rumored that these programs have seriously hampered sales in "canned" briefs and outlines at the local black-market outlet. But I wouldn't want to be accused of spreading such a rumor.

Eugene Hill
San Francisco

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

To the Editor: If "The Rise and Fall of the Practical Sense" by Eric Hoffer (*The Reporter,* December 11) is a typical example of his thinking, it hardly seems surprising that President Eisenhower should be found reading *The True Believer.* Their mutual confusion over basic issues seems to be a generally harmonious relationship.

Wayne O. Hill
San Diego

AGAINST A RAINY DAY

To the Editor: The wise and timely comment of Arthur F. Burns on "Some Lessons of the Recession" (*The Reporter,* December 11) is most welcome reading. It is resourceful in its variety of suggestions for combating future inflation and recessions, and for checking their approach.

Dr. Burns tends to favor tax reduction rather than public works to combat recession, since the latter takes so much time to get under way. Would it not also be wise, however, to plan in advance for public works, so that we could speedily move into a recession emergency? During the depression of the 1930's, President Roosevelt created a National Planning Committee, and fostered the creation in each state of a State Planning Board—its members serving without salary—who surveyed and studied the local and state needs of public works, arranged them in the order of their priority and readiness to begin construction, etc.

This proved valuable, but the Second World War directed the whole of the nation's energies into other channels, and nearly all these planning agencies fell into disuse. The National Planning Committee further was greatly handicapped because it was established by Presidential fiat, instead of by Congressional action.

Every state in the Union lags behind its immediate needs for public works—bridges, highways, libraries, school and college buildings, housing for incompetents, correctional and penal institutions, etc. State planning boards could establish and keep up a continuing inventory of such needs, could spur state and local governmental agencies to acquire sites and detailed plans for construction, as affecting their position on the priority list, etc. Once a depression reared its ugly head, Congress could quickly appropriate the funds, and within thirty or sixty days state or local authorities could obtain bids on plans already in existence, and the delay could be reduced to a minimum. These inventories and preparations would also look forward to the time when military expenditures can be substantially reduced and we shall need a cushion of long-delayed public works to fill the gap of employment thus created.

Benjamin H. Kizer
Spokane

SOUSTELLE

To the Editor: Edmond Taylor's whitewash article on Jacques Soustelle ("The Enigma of Jacques Soustelle," *The Reporter,* December 11) totally disregards Soustelle's avowed racist record in Algeria ("To negotiate is to surrender") and his nefarious activities as chief censor and propagandist in France today. Taylor would have done well to have reread his own superb classic work on colonialism, *Richer by Asia,* and his own psychological-warfare manual, *Strategy of Terror,* to gain some understanding how Soustelle transformed an odious colonial régime in Algeria into an almost fascist state. Incidentally, if an election could ever be called a farce, it was the process by which seventy-one Soustellist deputies were chosen in Algeria.

For a more balanced portrait of Soustelle, I would suggest Ed Korry's article in the November 25 issue of *Look.* Taylor may have trouble finding this issue in Paris, since Soustelle's office (despite his lip service to freedom of the press) banned it in France because it did not sufficiently emphasize his "liberal" side, as Taylor does. The real danger to France of Soustelle's victory at the polls on November 30 is the crushing of the parties of the Center; if Soustelle has his way, the only alternatives to France will be a choice between the Communists and de Gaulle. But what happens to France when de Gaulle is no longer here?

Charles R. Foster
Williamsburg, Virginia

BACKGROUND BY RODIN

To the Editor: May I congratulate *The Reporter* and Mr. Charles D. Sharp for the picture of Vice-President Nixon on page 11 of the November 27 issue? The picture is almost too good to be true. Mr. Sharp was lucky to be there at the moment, and a genius to recognize the significance of what he saw.

Mrs. George A. Downs
Seattle

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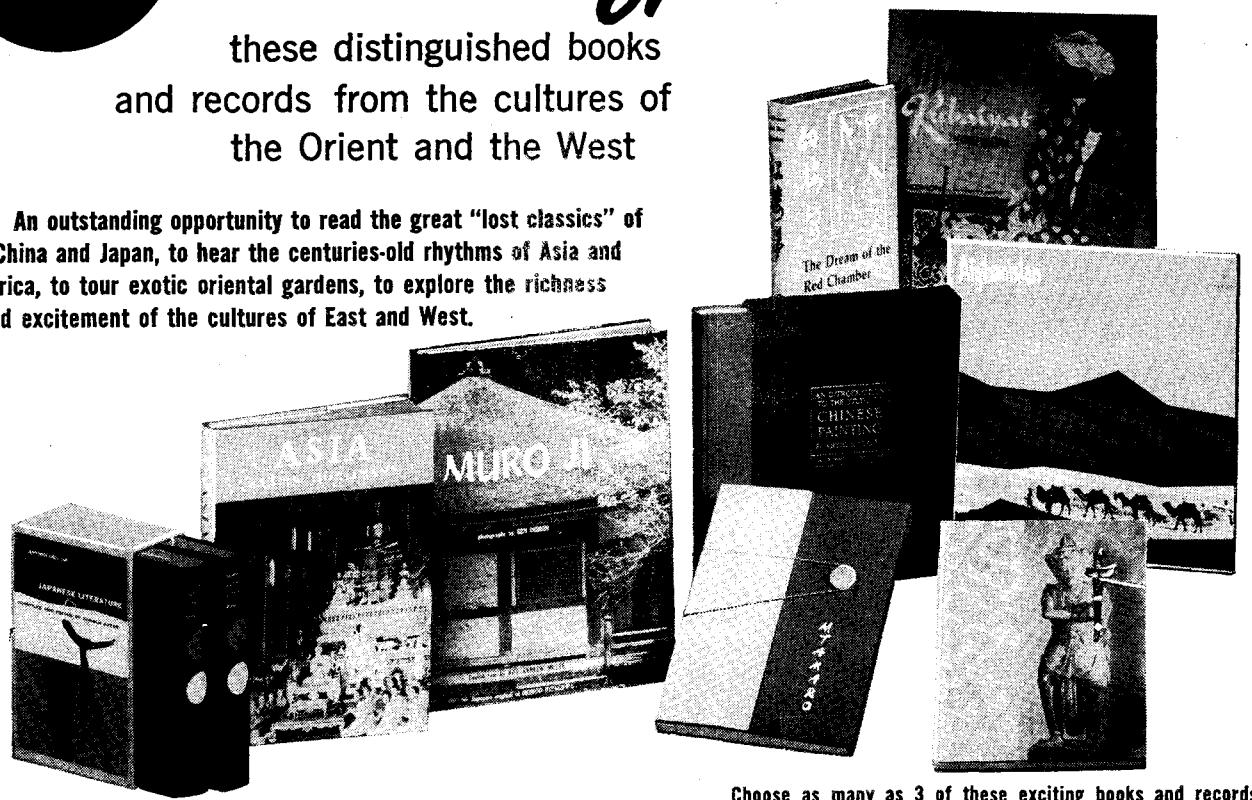

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips (U.S.A., Ret.) is one of those experts whose prophecies have the annoying habit of becoming fact. Back in 1954 he predicted that Soviet progress in missiles and aircraft would enable the Soviet Union to surpass us in military power by 1959. The prediction was greeted with incredulity; there are now some Very Important People in the Highest Quarters who wish they had believed rather than scoffed. A similar experience befell his article in *The Reporter* of June 30, 1955, on "The Growing Power of the Soviet Air Force." If, therefore, our readers are alarmed by the startling implications of his article in this issue of *The Reporter*, they may take their consolation—for what it is worth—in the knowledge that their alarm is well grounded. Since 1951, General Phillips has been military analyst for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. He contributes frequently to military journals and has edited several books, among them *The Roots of Strategy* (1950) and *Small Unit Tactics* (1948). . . . **David Demarest Lloyd** was administrative assistant to President Truman from 1950 to 1953, and is now executive director of the Harry S. Truman Library. He is the author of *Son and Stranger* (1950).

THE ISSUE of revising the Senate rules will be the first order of business when that body reconvenes. It is, of course, very much involved with the prospects for civil-rights legislation. But it also touches on profound principles of Constitutional and political theory. The two points of view we present in this issue give, we think, a fair summary of the matter. **Lindsay Rogers** has been Burgess Professor of Public Law and Government at Columbia since 1929, and is a frequent contributor to *The Reporter*. . . . **Jacob K. Javits,** who states the case for the Senate revisionists, is, of course, the senior senator (R.) from New York. . . . **George Bailey** has written frequently for *The Reporter* on central and east European developments. He lived for several years in Berlin after the war, and knows it intimately. Our own concern for the fate of that city was expressed in Max Ascoli's December 11 editorial, "No Retreat from Berlin." . . . **Gordon Shepherd** is staff correspondent in eastern Europe of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He has contributed previous reportage to our pages.

Thomas P. Coffey is a religion editor at Macmillan. He has taught philosophy at Fordham and St. Peter's College in Jersey City, and has published articles in *Commonweal, America,* and other magazines. This is his first appearance in *The Reporter*. . . . **Norman Podhoretz's** criticism has appeared in the *New Yorker, Harper's, Commentary,* and other periodicals. His two-part essay on Edmund Wilson will be considerably enlarged in a book on modern American writing that he is now working on. . . . **Herbert Feinstein** teaches in the Department of Speech at the University of California. Being by training a lawyer, he naturally gives courses in short fiction and poetry. He has published poetry and film criticism in diverse "little magazines," including *Imago* and *Film Arts*. As a lawyer, he has been connected with the mammoth literary agency MCA, and with such lesser mammoths as the Fund for the Republic and the Harvard Law School. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** reviews and essays are a regular feature of our literary pages. . . . **William Letwin** is Associate Professor of Industrial History at M.I.T. . . . **Daniel Schorr** has just been on assignment in Warsaw for the Columbia Broadcasting System. . . . **Nathan Glazer** is teaching sociology at Bennington this year. He is co-author with David Riesman of *The Lonely Crowd* and has recently finished editing a book of studies on the housing problems of minority groups, to be published by the University of California Press in the summer. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** another of our regulars, is co-editor of the monthly *Jazz Review*.

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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Prelude to '59: *With the rituals of the last two months of the year well behind us—mid-term elections, Thanksgiving, Christmas merriment—the heavy days of decision and reckoning are at hand. In Washington the legislative season gets under way. The Executive is still responsible for the initiation of policy but its authority has been weakened by a widespread awareness that its handling of the nation's defense and economy has not been brilliant or forceful or candid.*

There are a number of things that must be said and published—ominous, worrisome things that one would love to leave unsaid and unpublished were it not for a sense of moral obligation that cannot be shaken off. What General Phillips says in the article that follows belongs in this category. For quite a while we have been told that the balance of terror guaranteed peace in our time. This presupposed an approximate balance or equivalence between the two superpowers.

This balance, General Phillips proves, has now been upset. The Russians are ahead of us in both IRBMs and ICBMs. They have more of these weapons, and are in condition to hit most of the bases where our retaliatory potential lies. This assumes of course that the Russians will be the ones who start total war. We couldn't because of the way we are made—an impediment that now has been redoubled by the near-perfect system of defense the Russians have developed.

Yet government spending has been going up so much that every time a new budget is presented to Congress, the hair of the administration's leaders gets curlier and curlier. It is said that the major cause for increased expenditure is the defense budget. This, David Lloyd proves, is plainly untrue.

As the Rockefeller Report has stated, "we can afford what has to be done to assure our security. . . . Indeed, we cannot afford less." The CED Report reaches essentially the same conclusion—not to mention the still classified Gaither Report. This means that our economy must be subjected to far stricter controls if its growth is to be sustained, the danger of inflation checked—and, above all, if its major sectors are to enjoy a secure measure of freedom and responsibility.

We are losing the armament race with Soviet Russia, just as our economy is losing the momentum of its growth. The causes are the same: reluctance to think and plan ahead. In a way, we were better off when the first sputnik went into orbit. Then, we were scared and forced to think. Now, many of us feel reassured because the silence of outer space is broken by the garbled words of the President's message.

On all those subjects—defense expenditure, control of our economy, our present and prospective leaders—we are going to have quite a number of things to say during 1959.—**M.A.**

The Growing Missile Gap

Is the time coming soon when the Soviet Union could launch an attack without fearing retaliation?

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

"NOW IT SUFFICES to press but one button, and not only airfields and means of communication of various headquarters but whole cities will be blown sky-high, whole countries can be destroyed," Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev told the graduates of the military academies at a reception in Moscow on November 14. On another occasion recently, he declared that he had only to press one button and Turkey would be destroyed in a day. Khrushchev was speaking of the capabilities of the thousands of ballistic missiles that the Soviet Union now has emplaced around its perimeter, mostly on its western frontiers.

These statements, and many others of similar tone, were made for internal consumption and not for foreign propaganda. From long experience our intelligence agencies take them seriously and confirm the basis for them. Some of Khrushchev's confidence comes from his having personally witnessed last year the firing of a super intercontinental missile—probably the one he told Senator Hubert M. Humphrey had a range of 14,000 kilometers (8,699 miles). On another occasion he saw the firing of missile salvos of half a dozen each at fire ranges of from two hundred to twelve hundred miles.

In Washington, many officials believe that the Soviet move to drive the Allies out of Berlin, the most critical event since the Second World War in its implications for the West, is a result of Khrushchev's conviction of Soviet military superiority, achieved after years of the most intense and frantic effort. Khrushchev believes that his missiles can now destroy a major portion of the West's retaliatory bombing force, and that any bombers that might survive a missile attack are rapidly being made obsolete by such Soviet air defense as interceptors twice the speed of sound and guided air-defense rockets with a range of a hundred miles and armed with nuclear warheads.

This is what constitutes the "missile gap," a period during which the Soviet Union has the means to blunt much of the power of the West's retaliatory bomber force, and during which it has operational missiles in great numbers that we cannot de-

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fend ourselves against. In contrast to the Soviet Union, with operational missiles of all possible useful ranges, the United States has no operational ballistic missile with a range of more than two hundred miles—the range of the Army's Redstone.

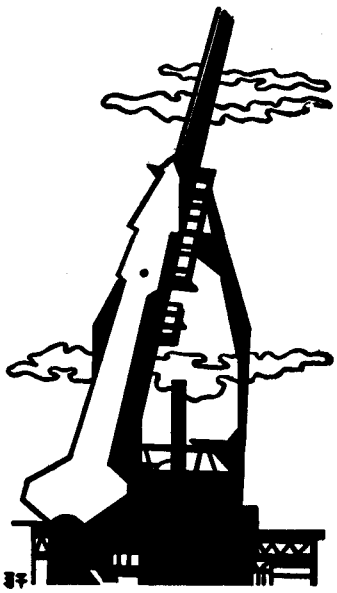
THERE ARE credible reports based on intelligence sources that the Soviet Union has manufactured about 20,000 ballistic missiles with ranges from 150 miles to 6,000 miles and has tested and fired more than a thousand of them. The majority of these are in the short, medium, and intermediate ranges. Missiles with ranges up to 800 or 1,000 miles have been in battle positions in the hands of troops for three years. The 1,800-mile intermediate-range missile has been operational for two years, and the intercontinental missile was operational in small numbers a year ago.

Joseph Alsop published figures last July based on U.S. intelligence estimates that we would have no ICBMs in 1959 while the Russians would have 100; 30 versus 500 in 1960; 70 versus 1,000 in 1961; 130 versus 1,500 in 1962; and 130 versus 2,000 in 1963. These were described by Pentagon sources as optimistic for the Soviet Union. There is, however, every reason to believe that the Russians will meet this estimate of their capability. Khrushchev, in his thesis for the Twenty-first Party Congress, stated on November 14: "The production of intercontinental ballistic missiles has been successfully organized." Robert Hotz, editor of *Aviation Week*, whose sources of information are usually reliable, states that the Soviet Union is now manufacturing more than fifteen intercontinental missiles monthly. It is also reported by a reliable source that the Soviet Union has already manufactured five hundred intercontinental-missile frames.

'Everything's Just Dandy'

Meanwhile, administration officials have been busy denying the U.S. lag. The United States has no operational missiles of intermediate and intercontinental range and no ballistic missiles at all for distances between 200 miles and the intermediate range of about 1,500 miles. And yet Under Secretary of Defense Donald A. Quarles, in an address to the Armed Forces Staff College on January 24, declared: "In the important area of long-range ballistic missiles we are in a 'nip and tuck' race in which neither side could, with assurance, be said to be ahead." Defense Department Director of Guided Missiles William M. Holaday declared last April 28: "It is my personal view that the status of the over-all Soviet missile development is no better than our own at the present time."

But at about the same time Lieutenant General James M. Gavin was writing in his book, *War and Peace*



in the Space Age: "Now that the Soviets have an inventory of ICBMs, these will constitute their long-range striking force." In an interview in the *Reader's Digest* for April, 1958, General Curtis LeMay said: "I do not believe they [the Russians] have operational ICBMs in any quantity," implying that they did have them in small numbers.

Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington), who, like others I have quoted, has access to intelligence information, stated last January 30: "By either this year or next year, our entire system of overseas bases will be exposed to Russian IRBM attack. Next year, or the year thereafter, the strategic airbases in our own country will become exposed to Soviet ICBM assault. Meanwhile, vital bases here at home are now open to enemy missiles from the sea."

Writing in the *Space Journal* for December, Donald C. Wakeford of the Huntsville Arsenal says that Soviet launching sites for intercontinental and intermediate-range missiles "have been pinpointed and ballistic flights of their major weapons have apparently been tracked by radar from Turkey. They also have two intercontinental missiles—the T-3 and the T-3a—which are in operation and which can carry hydrogen warheads."

The fact is that the United States has located at least seven Soviet ICBM launching sites in western Russia, and knows where the nuclear warheads are stored. The Japanese have reported the location of five launching sites in the Far East. There are hundreds of operational launching sites for medium- and intermediate-range missiles in the Soviet Union, East Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Albania.

The Built-in Satellite

According to German sources, the Russians were working on a rocket motor of 500,000 pounds of thrust in 1950. It was reported to be operational in 1954 and to comprise the first-stage rocket of the Soviet T3a intercontinental missile. Sputnik III, weighing a ton and a half, was put into orbit by a single-stage rocket, whose thrust is calculated by U.S. experts to be about 825,000 pounds. This probably is the first stage of the super-rocket which Khrushchev says can reach anywhere in the world, and which is undoubtedly the same rocket he told Senator Humphrey about. The U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Agency has just let a contract for the development of a rocket with a million pounds of thrust, but it will not be operational for several years.

The second Atlas successfully launched by the Air Force was aimed skyward and went into orbit. In the final-stage rocket of this missile were a few scientific instruments. The press and radio made false comparisons between the weight of Sputnik III and the orbiting Atlas missile. The fact that the latter was heavier than Sputnik III means little. Most of its weight is accounted for by the final-

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stage rocket, which is an integral part of the "satellite." The important thing is the payload launched into orbit. In this case, the Atlas was able to carry about 150 pounds of payload into orbit, while the last Soviet Sputnik, still orbiting, has a payload of 2,919 pounds—or about twenty times as great as the Atlas payload.

WHY DO ALL THE administration spokesmen pretend that we are in a "nip and tuck" race with the Soviets? One reason was given by Holaday in the address previously quoted. He admitted that there was some conflict between the obligation to keep our people informed of the dangers the country faces and the obligation to maintain the West's confidence in our leadership and strength. Former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson justified keeping the situation from the public by asking, "Why scare the people to death?" It seems probable that another reason is that the administration wants to hold down the demand for more military expenditure that would be forthcoming if the public were aroused.

'I Say It Isn't a Gap'

The President, questioned about the missile gap during a press conference on August 27, declared: "There is still a long ways to go before the airplane, I would say, is made completely obsolete. So while, if there is any gap, I am quite certain that our enormous strength in fine long-range airplanes is—I say it isn't a 'gap' . . . in my opinion, the airplane takes care of that deficiency." The President's statement shows that he had not been briefed on recent calculations by the Air Force, which have modified the idea that bombers are substitutes for missiles as long as they can evade guided rockets and manned interceptors. Calculations on the effectiveness of ballistic missiles against surface airbase installations, which I will amplify later, show that ballistic missiles are a greater threat to the manned bomber than even the best air defenses and that in case of a surprise attack the majority of these bombers will never get into the air.

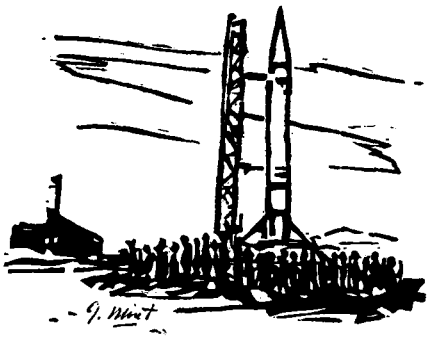
The question of whether the U.S. bomber force can fill the missile gap in the immediate future depends upon two questions:

¶ Can the Soviets with a surprise missile attack destroy a major portion of the U.S. bomber force on its bases?

¶ Will the Soviet air defenses cause such heavy losses in the retaliatory bomber force that it is, in effect, neutralized? Linked to this question is whether United States electronic countermeasures, diversionary missiles, and attacks on Soviet air defenses will be able to decrease the effectiveness of the defenses materially.

The first question must be divided into two parts: What is the Soviet threat to SAC overseas bases? What is the Soviet missile threat to SAC bases in the United States?

The Russians have thousands of missiles emplaced and ready to fire on U.S. overseas bases. Their missiles are known to be accurate within about two-tenths of one per cent of their range. This is adequate for use with a nuclear warhead at these ranges. One scientist, with access to U.S. intelligence in the course of his work, told me that we might as well throw away our overseas bases for all the value they would have in a full-scale war. This, however, does not mean that they should be abandoned now, since they would have



great value in anything less than full-scale war.

Nor does it mean that the U.S. bomber forces on the bases would be completely wiped out. SAC keeps from six to twenty per cent of its bombers, depending upon the situation, in the air at all times, so these will not be destroyed in a surprise attack. Nor will all missile attacks be successful. Nevertheless, Air Force planners talk in terms of the loss of seventy-five per cent of the aircraft on overseas bases in a full-scale surprise nuclear attack. In addition to the SAC bases overseas, there are some three thousand U.S. and Allied tactical aircraft, more than half of which could carry nuclear weapons to European Russia. It cannot be anticipated that all of them could be destroyed on their bases, but a great many could be.

U.S. Deterrence: From Massive to Minimum

The calculations by which the scientists and military planners reach the conclusion that Soviet ballistic missiles are such a total threat to the U.S. strategic bomber force are complex. But these calculations are resulting in a whole new strategy of war, which—together with the lag in missile development in the United States—is ending up in a theory called "minimum deterrence." In essence the theory admits that a large portion of our present forces cannot survive a large-scale surprise missile attack. Our remaining retaliatory forces would be unable to knock out hostile offensive bases but might destroy thirty or fifty cities. Our retaliatory threat, instead of being overwhelming, as we have considered it in the past, with its first target the enemy's offensive forces, now becomes a threat which declares to a potential enemy: "If you attack my military bases, I will respond with what I have left by attacking your major cities." The steady improvement in Soviet military posture, with no relative improvement in our own, has reduced us to this unenviable position.

The following calculations, based on public information of the effectiveness and accuracy of Soviet missiles, demonstrate how important missiles have become in the latest strategic thinking. It is assumed that there are four hundred NATO and U.S. airbases eight hundred to twelve hundred miles distant from Soviet missile installations. The announced accuracy of Soviet missiles at that range is a probable error of two miles (meaning half of them will fall this close to the target), and the explosive force of the Soviet missile warheads is five megatons (five million tons of TNT), which is capable, according to the Atomic Energy Commission, of destroying all but the heaviest surface structures with-

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in a radius of 6.2 miles and killing eighty-five per cent of the human beings within this area. (The five-megaton bomb that Humphrey reported was in reality the Soviet five-megaton missile warhead.) Calculation shows that an average of two missiles would have to be fired to obtain a ninety per cent possibility of destroying an airbase. Eight hundred missiles would be sufficient to wipe out the major part of Allied airpower overseas.

WHY CANNOT the Allies wipe out Soviet missile bases? Here comes the awful mathematics of missiles. The U.S. missiles have a warhead of from one-third to one-fifth the power of the Soviet warhead. There have not been enough firings to determine accuracy realistically, but at the present time our missiles are not more than three-quarters as accurate. With these disadvantages, calculation shows that it would take thirty-three U.S. missiles to give a ninety per cent assurance of destroying a hidden or underground Soviet missile installation. This is based on the assumption that the bomb would have to be a surface burst within a quarter of a mile from the installation; the lip of the crater extends that far.

It would take fifteen Soviet missiles, with their heavier warheads, to destroy an Allied underground missile-launching pad. To destroy ninety per cent of a thousand U.S. pads, fifteen thousand Soviet missiles would be required, while thirty-three thousand U.S. missiles would be needed to destroy ninety per cent of a thousand Soviet pads. For either side, the effort to destroy missiles emplaced in underground or hardened pads, or effectively concealed, is so great that it is not a feasible objective with present missile accuracy and warheads. If both sides had missiles underground or hidden, there would be a standoff, since neither side could destroy the retaliatory force of the other. But when one side has missiles and the other depends upon airbases which cannot be hidden and can be destroyed with relative ease, the situation of the latter is calamitous. It has only a "minimum deterrent" and is a victim of the missile gap.

The situation is more favorable with regard to Strategic Air Command retaliatory bases in the United States. Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles now operational are too few in number to be a serious threat to all the SAC bases in the United States. Calculations of missile probability of hitting and destruction at this range indicate that six—instead of two—Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles would have to be fired at each base to give a ninety per cent probability of destruction.

If official estimates of Soviet production of intercontinental missiles are accurate, the threat will become serious within two years and overwhelming in three. The whole retaliatory and deterrent capacity of SAC, both overseas and at home, can be wiped out by 1961 or 1962.

Quiet, Deep, and Deadly

There is also a real threat from submarine-launched ballistic missiles. Marshal of the Soviet Air Force K. A. Vershinin said in an interview September 8, 1957: "Submarines have also become formidable weapons as they can be used to shell coastal cities and even other targets with rocket weapons carrying atomic and hydrogen warheads." Admiral Hyman G. Rickover declared last September 29: "It is common knowledge that the Soviets can now launch from their submarines missiles with a range of at least 200 miles. Before too long missiles from submarines will reach any target in the United States."

Earlier last year Rickover said he was being conservative in saying "at least 200 miles." A November, 1957, article in *Soviet Fleet*, the official newspaper of the Soviet Navy, asserted: "Submarines are armed with rockets [ballistic missiles] with a firing range of 1,200 kilometers [about 745 miles] which can be launched from subsurface and surface positions." This report can be given full credence. It is not official propaganda, since it was published in a professional paper read by naval officers who would know if it were false.

It has been well known for some time that the Russians have had submarine-launched solid-propellant ballistic missiles. The one referred to in *Soviet Fleet* is the Comet II. They also have an operational ballistic missile, towed in a container by a submarine and capable of being launched underwater. Its range is about 400 miles. An experimental missile of this type has a range of more than 1,300 miles. Three of them can be towed by a 1,500-ton submarine. Such missiles are probably designed to be anchored in place and fired by remote control.

The U.S. Navy has recently declassified an intelligence report to the effect that the Soviet Union has fifty ballistic-missile-firing submarines. Another report from naval sources stated that there had been a thousand sightings of Soviet submarines in three years in the western Atlantic. Senator Jackson declared in a press release last January 22: "Our best military intelligence is that the Russians have been working on comprehensive radar charts of the United States coastlines. This means that a Soviet submarine commander will

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be able to surface 100 miles off the American coastline, take radar fixes for position and launch his missiles with frightening accuracy." In addition there are reliable reports that Soviet submarines are constantly on station off the U.S. coastline, are regularly relieved, and occasionally crews are exchanged.

The Russians have, according to official naval statements, about five hundred submarines, of which two hundred to 250 are long-range ocean types. The editors of *Missiles and Rockets* stated in their October, 1957, issue: "the Red Fleet uses Arctic waters as a proving ground and test range, and a large portion of the submarine fleet is being equipped for missile handling. These submarines with IRBMs can do what the ICBM is not yet ready to do."

In the face of such evidence, Secretary of the Air Force James H. Douglas told the Air Force Association last October: "We know also that the Soviets could be developing ballistic missiles to launch from submarines. Factual evidence in this area is lacking." The President was asked in April during a press conference about reports that Soviet submarines were reconnoitering American territorial waters. He replied: "As a matter of fact, I don't know what has been stated. I don't know of any facts that haven't been published. But you are making a statement that there is a, rather a campaign, along our coasts. You'll have to get the facts on that one because I haven't any such facts." Rear Admiral Rawson Bennett, Chief of Naval Research, testified before Congress in 1957, "At this point we are not in a very rapid state of advance in anti-submarine warfare."

Last August, the Underseas Warfare Advisory Panel to the Military Applications Committee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy released a report that stated:

"The Soviets could mount a devastating nuclear attack [from submarines] against the United States early in the 1960s;

"Our existing defenses could not stop such a missile attack;

"No weapons system now in existence, even on an experimental basis, offers an adequate defense against non-snorkeling submarines which run quiet and deep."

However, despite Senator Jackson's fears of their "frightening accuracy," ballistic missiles launched from submarines are inherently inaccurate. To the normal low degree of accuracy of a long-range missile they add the inaccuracy of location of the ship's position and problems of launching from an unstable platform. (This is equally true of the U.S. Navy's Polaris, of which one submarine and fifteen missiles may be operational in 1960 or later.) For this reason, submarine-launched missiles are not so serious a threat to SAC bases in the United States as land-based missiles are to our overseas bases. However, it can be expected that SAC bases near the coast would be the object of attack by Soviet missile-launching submarines.

McElroy Said It

The official conclusion from these considerations, both in the Soviet Union and in the United States, is that bombers still are needed where accuracy is essential. One B-52 can carry twenty-five or more bombs, each with an explosive yield equal to that of the warhead of U.S. ballistic missiles. It should be noted, however, that Soviet ballistic missiles, with warheads of five-megaton explosive capacity, are three to five times more powerful than comparable U.S. missiles of the same type. The rockets to carry these Soviet warheads were designed before the art of packing great nuclear explosive power in small packages had been perfected. The Soviet T-3 intercontinental missile, for example, has about twice the thrust of the U.S. Atlas.

The United States has no operational intermediate or intercontinental ballistic missiles, so bombers will have to do the job if they can. They are the preferred means of delivery if they can make delivery. Whether or not those that are left after a missile attack are able to penetrate to their target is the second vital question that determines the extent of the missile gap.

It is known that the Russians have developed an advanced air-defense guided missile similar to the U.S. Nike Hercules. It carries a nuclear warhead, has a range of about a hundred miles, homes on the target by infrared, and is reported to be able to outmaneuver any airplane. Its kills are reported as ninety-eight per cent. The Russians are known to be building a wholly new air-defense system at a frantic rate. This system, about twice as large as that of the United States, uses radar and computers similar to our SAGE system. The Russians have two types of Mach 1.9 interceptors (about 1,300 miles per hour) in operation—the MIG-21 and the Sukhoi Delta, and supersonic all-weather interceptors. Their radar is reported to be superior to that used in the U.S. air-defense system.

In testimony before the House Appropriations Committee on November 20, 1957, in response to a question about how long our bombers would be effective as a deterrent —in other words, when would Soviet air defenses neutralize them—Secretary of Defense Neil H. McElroy said: "I would believe that would be true [that they could get through Soviet air defenses] certainly for a year, and I think, in my judgment, it would be equally true two years from now." Representative George H. Mahon (D., Texas), who is briefed on such matters, was less optimistic. He said: "I have felt confident in our position of mutual deterrence during the past twelve months, but I do not feel as confident about the next two years as I have previously felt. . . ."

THE AIR FORCE has long been committed to the thesis that the bomber always gets through. But it has never been up against anything like guided air-defense missiles. It is working frantically on counter-radar measures, on decoy missiles, some intercontinental and some carried by bombers, on bomber-carried 600- to 800-mile ballistic missiles, on diversionary tactics, on saturating the control systems of the defense, and finally on preliminary destruction of the air defenses by missiles to clear a relatively safe route.

Electronic countermeasures have not lived up to the early hopes placed in them. The ground electronic systems can shift frequency by pressing a button, and can do so much faster than the airplane equipment can detect the new frequency and jam it. Infrared homing devices cannot be jammed by any known

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means. Bomber-launched ballistic missiles will be even less accurate than submarine-launched missiles and of low yield. Decoy missiles, although painted to give a radar reflection similar to the bomber, will unquestionably be sorted out and identified in time, just as is aluminum chaff (strips of aluminum foil scattered through the air to confuse radar trackers). The main hope at present is saturation of the defenses or their preliminary destruction. Saturation, sending in more aircraft from different directions than there are control systems, means heavy losses, even though some get through. Whether or not the air defenses can be knocked out in advance is unpredictable. But our bombers will also have to meet and pass the air-to-air guided missiles armed with nuclear warheads that Soviet interceptor aircraft will hurl against them.

The most hopeful measures against air defenses is to fly close to the ground where radar is ineffective. This uses fuel at an astronomical rate, since current jet bombers are built for flying at high altitudes. Nevertheless, the Air Force has modified its B-47 fleet so that the medium bombers can carry out what is known as toss bombing—where the bombers approach low, soar skyward to hurl the bomb in a high trajectory, and then escape by getting back close to the ground. There is a short period in this maneuver, however, when the bomber is a perfect target. The modification of the B-47 has not increased its low-altitude range, but has strengthened it to withstand the bombing maneuver.

The effectiveness of modern air-defense systems against manned bombers probably cannot be determined except in war. In the meantime, the bomber advocates are sure they will get through, while the air-defense experts are equally certain that losses will be so great that the bomber force will disappear after a few raids.

In contrast to the U.S. Air Force's continuing faith in bombers, Soviet Air Marshal Vershinin said in the interview previously quoted: "Bombers are, of course, still being built. [The Russians are building four intercontinental bombers a month.] And the United States lays particular emphasis on making them. But rocket weapons today make questionable the wisdom of developing bomber forces because the former are more dependable and surer weapons. For a rocket to fail to reach the target is practically out of the question. None of the modern anti-aircraft means are effective against them."

A Bird in the Bush

The United States has been busy for three years counting its missiles before they are hatched. Atlas ICBM has had two successful full-scale tests.

Thor IRBMs have also had two successful full-scale tests; but even before they had any, one or more had been sent to Great Britain as operational missiles, although it was estimated that their reliability was considerably less than fifty per cent. The Jupiter IRBM has had two successful full-scale tests. Polaris has had no successful full-scale test. All our tests, except the two latest Thor tests, have been fired by scientists and not by soldiers. In the last test of Jupiter, supposed to be the final test firing of this missile by scientists, the Jupiter blew up on its launching pad, so the scientists will have another go at it.

In England, on April 23, 1956, Khrushchev declared: "I am quite sure that we will have a guided missile with a hydrogen warhead that can fall anywhere in the world."

Was this an idle boast? Intelligence since then indicates that it was not. The Russians had fired their ICBMs in the northern missile range along the Siberian coast to distances of more than 3,000 miles. The problems of accurate guidance and nose-cone re-entry had not been solved, but the propulsion problem had. Late in 1956 the Russians started testing their ICBM at the missile range north of the Caspian Sea, extending 4,500 miles to the Kamchatka Peninsula. They have made more than fifty test firings; how many were successful full-scale tests we do not know. When Khrushchev made his boast, the Russians were undoubtedly ahead of where we are now in missile development.

Although the U.S. missile program has had very great success after a slow start, the production program has always been inadequate. Only twelve to fifteen intermediate squadrons, 200 to 250 missiles, were programmed. Only twenty intercontinental squadrons were programmed, fewer than 200 missiles. Half of these ICBMs may be lost in the 1960 budget.

OUR SIGHTS appear to have been set so low because of lack of understanding of the nature of missiles. Artillery has a recognized range of error and it is never hoped to hit a target with one shot. Dozens may have to be fired on a single target. Missiles are like artillery, only their error is measured in miles, rather than yards. In preparing to retrieve the Atlas warhead after its recent 6,325-mile flight, an area about thirty miles in diameter was

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watched. This indicates an estimated circular probable error of fifteen miles' radius. The reported Soviet error for 5,000 miles is ten miles. But the point is that to ensure hitting a target with Atlas, or any other long-range missile, a number of shots, or a salvo—the numbers needed being dependent upon the expected error, the size of the burst, and the extent of the target—is required.

Considering the low degree of accuracy and the unreliability of the U.S. intercontinental missiles, our twenty squadrons would give us, when we have them, a chance at about twenty targets. With the intermediate-range missile, our twelve or fifteen squadrons would give us perhaps thirty or forty targets. A Polaris submarine, with fifteen missiles of still lower accuracy, could take on two or three targets.

The argument made by those who are satisfied with or who justify these programs is that solid-propellant rockets, the Minuteman and the land-based version of Polaris, will be coming in soon. But no one really knows how soon. The problems involved in getting satisfactory combustion with chunks of solid propellant eight and more feet in diameter are far from solved. General LeMay said August 23 that the Minuteman "is at least several years from being a fact, but research and development leading to this system is well on its way." But in the meantime production orders on other missiles has been limited. The United States is letting go a bird in the hand for a bird in the bush.

WHAT IS NEEDED now to start closing the missile gap, a gap that currently is widening, is to build several times more than are now planned of the missiles that already have been developed and are in early production—the Jupiter and Thor IRBMs and the Atlas and Titan ICBMs. It is surprising that although the hardened missile pads now planned for these missiles cost two-thirds as much as the missiles themselves, no reserve missiles are being provided that can be fired after the first ones have been used. It is like putting a cannon into battle line with only one shell for it to fire. Behind this peculiar planning are such reasons as economy in defense, unwillingness to spend on weapons that soon may become obsolete, slowness in accepting the awful mathematics of missiles and evaluating their effect on strategy, and, most important of all, the unwillingness of top civilian officials of the government to accept incontestable intelligence reports of Soviet advances.

Recent successful developmental tests of our ballistic missiles indicate that the hard work and expenditures of the past three years are beginning to pay off. But these tests should not blind us to the fact that it's going to be a long time before we have an adequate number of operational ballistic missiles.

The missile gap need not necessarily mean war. But when the Communists are certain that the West is too weak and confused to stand against them, crises caused by Communist pressures all over the world may be expected to succeed each other in orderly procession as Communist expansion moves ahead.

The Sham Battle over 'Spending'

Can we afford the extravagance of thrift and drift?

DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

THE PRESIDENT has announced that he will devote his remaining years in the White House to a campaign against government spending. To prove that this is not an idle threat, the directives have gone out to the departments to slash their budget estimates and the usual expenditures ceiling has been slapped on the Defense Department, throwing the procurement of military hardware into the customary turmoil and confusion. The Democratic leaders, still smarting under the President's campaign rhetoric, have announced that they are not "spenders" either, and that when the budget comes to Capitol Hill they will slash it as they have before. The stage is thus set for the great yearly spectacle of the economy drive—and this when the country is still not entirely out of the recession doldrums, the Soviets are pulling ahead of us in armament and initiative, and our unmet needs for every form of public improvement, from schools to roads, cry out for more, not less, public spending.

Only the naïve, however, would conclude from all this—or even from the President's statement that he will present a balanced budget of about $77 billion—that Federal expenditure will be cut substantially. After the ceremonial struggle has been staged, the budget and the rate of spending will remain about the same. Still unanswered will be the question of whether this result is good enough for what the nation needs. Yet it is of the greatest urgency that a full-scale debate be started on one of the most fundamental issues of our time: the formulation of an adequate, sensible, and long-range policy of public spending.

IN SPITE OF all the ritual exorcising, the Federal budget rises steadily. Its rate of increase is generally greater than the rise in the price level. The press and the higher levels of government profess to regard this tendency with indignation, even with horror, as if it were a nervous disorder that could be cured by will power and moral preaching.

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That the government's expenditures show a normal and relentless tendency upwards may not be due to the wastefulness of public servants or to the heresies of the New Deal and of modern Republicanism. If George M. Humphrey could not cut down government spending, who can? Since 1954 the Eisenhower budget expenditures have been following the upward trend year by year, rising from $64 billion in fiscal 1955 to $79 billion in fiscal 1959.

It is a common misconception that the principal reason for this upward trend is the cost of defense. Actually, expenditures for what the Budget Bureau calls "major national security purposes," have been maintained at a relatively steady level. Starting from $13 billion in 1950, defense expenditures were boosted by the Truman defense program and the Korean War to a peak of almost $52 billion in 1953. The Eisenhower administration began to cut them in fiscal 1954 and succeeded briefly in reaching a low point of about $42 billion in 1956. These major national-security items are on the rise again, but they have not yet passed the fiscal 1954 mark of $47 billion.

The rise in prices and in the cost of soldiers and weapons that has occurred in the intervening years means that these sums will buy far less defense than in 1954. In real or dollar terms, therefore, the national-security sector of the budget has not led the upward trend. Rather, it has been the sector most exposed to economies, because it is both the largest and the least understood.

Neither is the international-aid part of the budget to blame for the general increase in government spending. In Truman's time, international expenditures were dominated by the massive proportions of the Marshall Plan and ran around $3 or $4 billion a year. Before Truman left office these expenditures, for a number of reasons, had fallen to a level lower than $800 million a year. Today they are less than a billion and a half.

Whose Creeping Socialism?

The truly significant increases are not in the defense and foreign-aid areas but in the rest of the budget—in the domestic functions and services of the Federal government. In 1952 under Truman these domestic expenditures totaled $19 billion, rising to more than $21 billion in fiscal 1953. Under Eisenhower, they have continued upward, reaching $24 billion in 1956, more than $25 billion in 1958, and $31 billion in fiscal 1959.

While the military and foreign-aid expenditures of the government have been held to roughly the same order of magnitude throughout the recent period, the domestic expenditures of the government have risen more than fifty per cent. And all this in spite of George Humphrey!

If we look at the component segments of the domestic part of the budget, we find that there is not one of them, with the exception of the veterans' program, that is not bigger now than it was in fiscal 1950. The upward trend can be seen clearly by comparing the spending figures for fiscal 1958 with the spending figures for 1954, the first fiscal year for which the Eisenhower administration was responsible. The figures for fiscal 1959 show the impact of the recession and are in most cases dramatically higher than those of 1958.

Federal expenditures for labor and welfare (which do not include trust-fund expenditures for Social Security and unemployment benefits) rose from approximately $2.5 billion in fiscal 1954 to $3.4 billion in fiscal 1958. In fiscal 1959 they have risen another billion, a total increase of almost $2 billion during the Eisenhower years. The increase in expenditures for agriculture and agricultural resources is even more startling: From a level of about $2.5 billion in fiscal 1954, the expenditures have risen to nearly $4.5 billion 1958 and up almost $2 billion more in 1959, for a total increase of close to $4 billion. This is the second greatest percentage increase in any major budget item and offers eloquent evidence of the failure of Secretary Benson's agricultural program. It is interesting to recall that Charles Brannan, his predecessor, whose annual budget averaged about $1.5 billion in Truman's second term, was pilloried for the so-called "Brannan Plan," which, it was charged, might increase the agricultural budget as much as $2 billion.

Close on the heels of this major rate of rise in the agricultural sector is the upward spurt of expenditures under the heading "Commerce and Housing," which have shot up from an abnormal low of $800 million in 1954 to a little more than $2 billion in 1958 and to almost $4 billion in 1959.

Interest on the government debt has also increased substantially, rising from about $6.5 billion in 1954 to $7.7 billion in 1958. This is the government's share of the cost of Humphrey's high-interest policy.

There are only two areas of the budget in which the rise has been relatively minor. The first of these is the field of natural resources, where the Republican opposition to river and water-power development has held expenditures down to an average of about $1.5 billion a year. The other is the cost of running the agencies of the government, which in spite of minor ups and downs has settled at the level of just under $1.7 billion in 1959, only $400 million more than it was in 1954.

Billions Under the Rug

These budget figures do not reveal the full extent of government spend-

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ing under Eisenhower. Items that used to be carried in the regular budget under the Truman administration have been transferred to the category of government trust funds, where their expenditures and revenues do not show in the budget totals. The most important of the items thus swept under the rug is the highway program, which used to be listed as an outright government expenditure from appropriated funds. In 1956, when the highway program was expanded, the gasoline excise taxes were earmarked to support it, and the whole operation was dubbed "highway trust fund" and lumped with the Social Security programs. This fund will account for more than $2.5 billion worth of expenditures in 1959 and is rapidly running out of money. Unless the President gets an increase in the gasoline taxes, Congress will have to appropriate funds for this program, and it will reappear as a large program in the regular budget.

A major expenditure that always used to distress the budget officials under the Truman administration was "Fanny May," otherwise known as the Federal National Mortgage Association, which by its support of the secondary mortgage market aided in the financing of billions of dollars' worth of new homes. By fiscal legerdemain this operation was also turned into a trust fund and taken out of the regular budget. Nevertheless, this expedient did not result in a reduction of budgeted expenditures in aid of housing. Even with Fanny May hidden from view, housing expenditures have risen steadily since fiscal 1954.

In comparing the Truman and Eisenhower administrations in the field of domestic spending, we therefore have to look behind the trust-fund device, and add to the Eisenhower record some $2 to $3 billion a year more than the budget figures show. This would lift our total domestic expenditures for fiscal 1959 to about $33 or $34 billion.

FROM THE POLITICAL point of view, one of the curious things about the Eisenhower administration is that it has not made a virtue out of the rising trend of domestic expenditures. Here, if ever, is the chance to outdeal the Fair Deal, to point with pride to increased expenditures for welfare, for farmers, and for housing as evidence of a Republican concern for the well-being of the people. Such political opportunism seems to go against the grain even of modern Republicanism.

Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that the rise in these domestic sectors has taken place in spite of and not because of the intentions of the administration. Nor, for the most part, have these increases been forced upon an unwilling administration by a softhearted Congress. The most important of the increases have come about because of the automatic operation of existing laws governing Federal expenditure. Much of the increase in labor and welfare, for example, arises from the formulas fixed by law for determining the size of Federal grants-in-aid to the states for public assistance, including funds for old-age assistance, for the blind, dependent children, and disabled persons. Inevitably, the growth of population brings with it an increase in the numbers of the unfortunate, and an increase in Federal aid.

There is no way of denying the growing needs of the country for welfare expenditures, but the Eisenhower administration has been desperately trying to curtail the responsibility of the Federal government to meet them. Elaborate and quite artificial programs have been projected for turning certain excise taxes back to the states if they will use them to absorb the Federal share of such welfare programs as vocational education and the building of sewage-treatment plants for cities. The main idea behind this kind of hocus-pocus is to get the expenditures in question out of the Federal budget. If this means waiving certain Federal revenues, well and good; it will at least appear to the uninitiated as a reduction in Federal spending. At its last session, Congress would have none of this nonsense, and the programs and revenues remain in the budget.

The appalling increase in agricultural spending is also due in part to the operation of standing legislation. Under a price-support program, the government stands ready to absorb everything offered at the support level. Lower farm prices encourage the farmer to grow larger quantities in order to preserve his usual income. Benson, by constant reductions of the support-price levels, has driven farm prices downward and thus increased the amount of surplus offered and the amount the government has to buy under the program. With farm prices poised for another drop in the coming year, Benson's rate of spending will probably continue its rocketlike ascent. For the Eisenhower administration the whole thing must seem like a bad dream, particularly since the farm states are now going Democratic. To spend as much on the farms as Roosevelt spent for the entire national budget in the heyday of the New Deal and still to lose the farm vote borders on the fantastic.

The Democrats should not gloat, however. Even if Benson had never been heard of, the decline in foreign markets and the rising productivity of American agriculture would probably have pushed the expenditures of the Department of Agriculture up substantially over the last five to six years.

Let's Face It

These automatic increases in Federal spending under statutory formulas are only one indication of the rising demand for Federal funds in the national economy. Bigger appropriations are constantly being called for, to help urban renewal, to clear slums, to finance housing, to purify water, to purify the air, to manage airplane traffic, to build hospitals, to finance medical research, to assist in education—in short, to alleviate the thousand and one growing pains of an expanding economy and an exploding population that is spreading from the cities out over the land, swamping the existing structures and resources of local government, and presenting problems with which the state houses cannot cope. This rising demand hammers constantly at the Executive and at Congress from all sides in ways that are politically most potent, and not even the gates of hell, not to mention mere mortals like Humphrey and Eisenhower and Byrd, can prevail against it in the long run.

The long and short of it is that

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the Federal government is being compelled to assist the country in its process of internal economic growth. But because the leaders of the administration disapprove of such assistance on philosophical grounds, Federal aid is unplanned, spotty, and without direction. The farmers get astronomical outpourings of funds, which bring them neither security nor stable prices, while the cities squabble over inadequate sums for renewal, and education is totally neglected except in areas near large Federal installations. Rational planning is at a discount. For example, river dams under construction are completed, but their utility is diminished by abandoning plans for supplementary units in the same river system and by turning the sites over to others for less than adequate exploitation. The same wastefulness and lack of design is apparent in the crazy-quilt pattern of protection extended to our human resources.

There is mounting evidence that the nation needs a massive infusion of capital expenditure for normally public purposes—that the backlogs of need for such things as schools, pure water, hospitals, institutions, and public works of all kinds are now so great that they threaten the continual growth and expansion of the private economy. Business and industry, after all, depend on an underlying structure of public expenditure for everything from the education of their employees to the roads that carry them to work. It might be discovered, if the government would settle down to face the problem instead of fighting it, that the deficiencies in these areas are now so great that only an unprecedented jump in the expenditure of Federal funds in the immediate future can restore the lagging growth rate of the economy as a whole. An annual increase in Federal spending is inevitable anyway. But apparently the annual rate of increase we have had lately is not enough to do us much good. Rather than a steady progression, there may have to be a change of magnitudes in the nature of a mutation.

Even a cursory look at the list of needs confirms this possibility. Add a billion more a year to expedite the highway program, plus half a billion for housing and urban renewal, plus at least a billion for school construction or general aid to public education, with a few hundred million for fellowships and higher education, plus three hundred million (at least as lending authority) for depressed areas, plus an increase of at least thirty per cent in the neglected and faltering area of natural resources, with additional amounts for the purification and expansion of the water supply. Without exhausting the roster of legislation introduced regularly at every Congress, you have a total approaching $5 billion to be added to the annual budget. And this is for domestic needs alone, taking no account of the problems of national defense or international relations.

Where Will We Get the Money?

Those who urge such increased Federal spending are under obligation to clarify the scope and purposes of what they advocate and their relative priorities among various objectives. Otherwise they will perpetuate the same inequitable and unbalanced pattern that now results from the purely negative approach of the administration. This would suit the Eisenhowers and George Humphreys, who are trying to give spending a bad name anyway, but it will not do for those who regard Federal expenditures as a necessary element in the nation's growth.

Similarly, the upper levels of government and politics must agree on a theoretical justification of increased Federal spending. Otherwise the current doctrine that spending is an evil will be unchallenged, and the present spending muddle will persist.

The orthodox approach is to pay the increased costs out of increased revenue. This does not necessarily mean raising taxes. As the economy grows, the government's revenue increases, even with a stationary level of tax rates. Following the great Eisenhower tax cut of 1954, which lost the government $4 billion of revenue in the next year, the tax receipts of the Treasury thereafter shot up to a level some $4 to $6 billion higher than they were under Truman's Korean War rates, and they remained on this plateau until the recession set in.

In recent years our Federal budget has hovered around eighteen per cent of the gross national product. Assuming that the gross national product grows at the rate of about five per cent a year, by 1963 it would be nearly $549 billion; and at a constant ratio of eighteen per cent, the Federal budget would be almost $100 billion. In other words, by the end of 1963, if we grow as we should, we shall be able to shoulder a Federal budget of $100 billion with no more trouble than we now shoulder one of $75 billion. This would allow an annual increase in the Federal budget of $5 billion without raising taxes.

To carry out this projection we have to make it a goal of our public policy to increase our output by five per cent a year. We are not doing so well now—indeed the increase has reached or exceeded five per cent in only two of the Eisenhower years—but we have grown at a rate of five per cent or better in the past, and the

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experts agree that we can do it in the future.

In the immediate future, however, we may need to increase expenditures more than $5 billion a year in order to remedy the neglect of past years and to meet the pressing needs of the cold war. Assuming that we grow at an annual rate of five per cent or better, we shall probably come out all right, but meanwhile we must either increase taxes savagely or increase the national debt.

THE IDEA of an increasing national debt incites even more horror than the idea of spending. But our highly orthodox Republican administration has increased the national debt during 1958 by some $12 billion. Might it not be better to plan, deliberately, to raise the national debt a few billion dollars every year for a few years, as a means of getting what we need, than to be compelled by circumstances beyond our control to lift it $12 billion in one year, without getting anything from it beyond a reprieve from economic catastrophe?

When is the national debt too big? Nobody really knows. We now have the biggest one in our history—some $280-odd billions of it—but we also have the biggest national economy in our history. Some people contend that the national debt is too big when its servicing imposes too great a burden on the taxpayers. But the aggregate interest cost of the debt is not tied to its size. From 1955 through 1957 the size of the debt declined by nearly $4 billion, but the interest bill rose by nearly $1 billion.

Perhaps the size of the debt has some optimum relationship to the size of the economy, but it is hard to tell from experience what this should be. In 1940, after the depression, the national debt was equivalent to forty per cent of the gross national product. In 1946, at the end of the war, it was 129 per cent of the gross national product, and still we did not come apart at the seams.

In 1950, at the start of the Korean conflict, the national debt was equivalent to ninety per cent of the gross national product, and in 1954 the ratio had declined further, to seventy-four per cent. By 1957, although the dollar volume of the debt was higher than in 1950, the ratio was down to sixty-two per cent. Proportionately to our economic activity and output, the national debt has been declining, although public discussion has taken little note of the fact.

Who Is to Be Master?

It is universally agreed that the national debt has a bearing on inflation and deflation, but nothing in the statistics proves that there is a direct relationship between prices and the size of the debt. In the depression years 1930-1935 the debt doubled, but consumer prices continued to fall. In the war years, the debt quintupled in size, but consumer prices inched upward only by degrees. The great jump in prices took place in the years 1946-1950, after OPA had been jettisoned, when the debt was being reduced. In the years 1955 through 1957, the debt was reduced by four billion dollars, but prices rose six points on the consumer index scale. It is laboring the obvious to insist that it is not the size of the debt but its management that affects prices.

Only part of the debt is where it can affect the supply of money and credit. Some thirty billions of government bonds are held by the government itself, in the Social Security and other trust accounts. Another large segment is held as long-term investment. The remainder is left for the banks and the Federal Reserve System to play with as part of the mechanism for regulating the volume of money. The Federal Reserve has a broad range of powers to manage the money supply and the sale of bonds. It may be harder to avoid damage to the public interest now, at a time of relatively full employment, than it was when the economy was depressed or when it was harnessed to the needs of the war. But if the country has to enlarge its debt in order to fight the cold war and continue its economic growth, the Federal Reserve and the Treasury ought to be able to find ways of doing it. It's just a question of who is to be master—the national interest or the banking system.

In any case, the quantity of money and credit seems to have very little to do these days with the rise in prices. Squeeze the supply of money and raise interest rates, but prices still do not go down. The only prices capable of declining these days are the prices of commodities. Other prices are established not in terms of the market but in terms of the corporate balance sheet. Aside from the luckless farmer, the mechanisms of the economy are set to raise incomes to meet higher prices and not to bring prices down to meet incomes. In collective bargaining, in the halls of Congress, wherever wages are fixed, the argument is unanswerable that higher prices require higher wages. Against this conviction, the policy of squeezing credit is impotent; it ruins small business without affecting prices. This is the structure of our society, and it might be well to assent to it and take a fresh look at inflation control. It may be that the thing to do is not to tinker with an elaborate machine of credit, interest rates, and monetary devices, but to take up the whole question of direct controls.

Just how to prevent inflation, however, is not the question we are facing here. Suffice it to say that the size of the national debt is not a controlling factor. Federal spending is not necessarily destructive of the value of the dollar.

A New Kind of National Budget

Much will depend on the outcome of the great spending battle of 1959. The English-speaking nations have a way of deciding their destinies in controversies over the public purse. From the role of Parliament under the Tudors to the row over taxation without representation to the issues of high tariff and free silver, the questions of how to tax and spend have dominated the course of our history. Today we face another fateful issue. It differs from the countercyclical use of the public purse to cure deflation as expounded by Keynes. It differs from the use of government credit to win a war. Yet it partakes of both and has new elements of its own. How we decide it will determine whether we meet the Communist challenge and the new problems of our tremendously expanding economy. Theories about spending and debt inherited from our small-town past, now being vigorously expressed by the man who was once a poor boy in Abilene, will push us to the wrong conclusion. Operating against these dying

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folkways are the political pressures of our economic situation.

Political pressures by themselves will not necessarily guide us to the right conclusion. They will undoubtedly prevail, and change the pattern of government spending, as they did in the early years of the New Deal—when Roosevelt's campaign commitment to economy went down before the claims of human suffering—but the results today may well be as unsatisfactory as they were then. Not even Keynes's theoretical justification of deficit spending was sufficient to persuade the Roosevelt administration to spend enough and in the right places to reverse the deflation. Today we have no Keynes to provide us with a theoretical justification of deficit spending for necessary public services in a time of manageable unemployment. Even our best economists are still thinking of government spending as an anti-deflationary spigot to be turned on and off as the economic tides rise and fall. The budget figures show that this concept is outdated, that spending will go up no matter what we do. But unless we know what we are doing, the present disorder and waste will also continue.

To bring all the needs of the country into one focus—our defense and international needs, our needs for public improvements and public services, and the needs of our private economy as well—we must work out a concept of a national economic budget. Such a budget should not be limited to a fiscal or calendar year, but should extend over a sufficient period of time—say ten or fifteen years—to enable us to bring within its sights the accomplishment of some of our major national and international goals. And in framing such a plan, we must face boldly and honestly the question of whether controls—controls over certain prices and certain wage agreements—may not be necessary to prevent inflation. They may prove not to be required, but at least we ought to find out. If some of us recoil in horror from starting along such a path, we should ask which other ways are available for our nation's survival aside from the sustained application of forethought to public affairs.

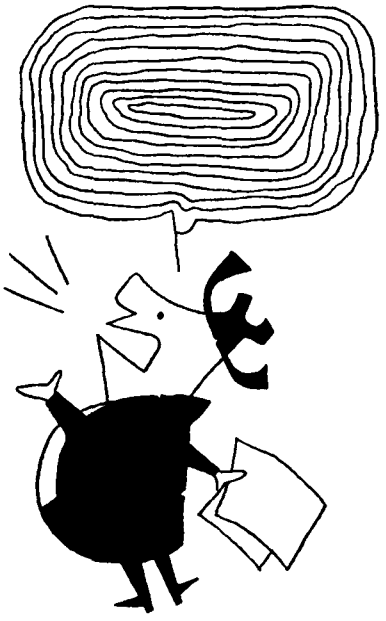
AT HOME & ABROAD

The Filibuster Debate

1. Barrier Against Steamrollers

LINDSAY ROGERS

"The Senate of the United States is the only legislative body in the world which cannot act when its majority is ready for action." Thus Woodrow Wilson early in 1917 when a Senate filibuster killed his proposal to arm American merchant ships. The "little group of willful men" were successful only because we then had "short sessions" of Congress that had to come to an end on March 4. The check was not



a catastrophe. The ships were armed under authority conferred by an old statute that had been forgotten.

In 1917 the Senate was powerless to end a debate so long as any senator insisted on holding the floor, but debate can now be ended by a vote of two-thirds of the "Senators duly chosen and sworn." It is this much-debated Rule XXII that the Northern liberals hope to change in order to prevent Southern senators from using a filibuster to prevent the passage of drastic civil-rights legislation.

The Northern liberals propose two amendments. The first of these is that two days after a petition has been filed to end debate, two-thirds of the Senate present and voting may so decree. This is not very important; if such a cloture resolution were up, practically all of the "Senators duly chosen and sworn" would be present and vote. But the Northern liberals have a further proposal: that fifteen days after the filing of a petition to end debate, a majority of the entire Senate may so decree. Garrulity would still be permitted; each senator could speak for an hour, but under such circumstances only the filibusterers would do so. Then a vote. No longer could a filibuster interpose a veto as it has sometimes done in the past.

Such a change in the rule would, I think, be a mistake. Not so, says retiring Senator Irving M. Ives (R., New York), who maintains that "the principle of majority rule is at stake." It is only in the Senate of the United States, exclaims Senator Clifford P. Case (R., New Jersey), that an opposition must be beaten down by "physical exhaustion" and where "the medieval practice of trial by ordeal still survives."

With great respect to Senator Ives, the term "majority rule" is meaningless as he uses it. Does he want to amend the Constitution so that the Senate would advise and consent to the ratification of a treaty by a majority instead of a two-thirds vote? Is he uneasy because of the theoretical possibility that the minority which defeats a treaty (or a proposed Constitutional

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amendment) might come from the seventeen smallest states with a total population less than that of New York? Or that a Senate majority might be drawn from twenty-five states with a population of less than twenty-nine millions? We elect Presidents not by a national popular majority or even plurality, but by counting the ballots federally; each state's Presidential electors do the choosing. Fifty-one per cent may be a numerical majority, but in many cases it is not the majority that our Constitutional practices contemplate. Our Federal arrangements take account of what has been called "the gravity and the impact of the decision." Thus, when one great section of our country opposes a proposed decision, attention may well be paid to "gravity" and "impact."

And when Senator Case brands the Senate as the only legislative assembly in which verbal avoirdupois plays a role along with numbers, so what? The Northern liberals have sometimes insisted on "trial by ordeal." Senator Paul H. Douglas (D., Illinois) boasts that in 1954 he "spoke for three days against the offshore oil bill and in 1956 for four days against the natural gas bill. In each case, with my colleagues of the so-called liberal group, we kept the discussion going for approximately a month." Mr. Douglas applauds "stunts such as Senator Morse's record-breaking, 22½-hour speech delivered without sitting down or leaving the Chamber." The stunters were not attempting "to prevent a vote from being taken." They simply "believed that in these cases many of our colleagues were not fully acquainted with the real issues which were at stake." This is not a veto, Mr. Douglas insists, but only an endeavor to educate senators who were poorly informed. I would allow a substantial group of senators who are well informed, who come from a great section of the country, and who are united in purpose, to impose a veto unless two-thirds of their colleagues are prepared to overrule them.

Blocking the Steamroller

Gladstone called the Senate "the most remarkable of all the inventions of modern politics," and it has remained remarkable in that, contrary to the fate of practically every other upper chamber, it has not become secondary and suffered a loss of authority either by Constitutional amendment or by custom. It is the only legislative body in the world made up of representatives from commonwealths no one of which without its consent can be deprived of its equal representation and whose rights, even though steadily dwindling, still remain substantial. Where in other assemblies is there anything resembling our Senate's rule that its members must not "refer offensively to any State of the Union"?

The filibuster is a weapon that the Constitutional framers who constructed the Senate failed to anticipate but one that they would view with favor. "A dependence on the people is, no doubt, the primary control on the government," Number 51 of *The Federalist* tells us; "but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions." The framers sought to have "in the society so many separate descriptions of citizens as will render an unjust combination of the majority of the whole very improbable, if not impracticable." The filibuster is no more than a modern "auxiliary precaution" against what one more than one-third of the senators may consider an "unjust combination" of the majority; and I am not impressed when I am told that no other legislative body in the world allows a minority to have such a formidable weapon of defense.

With us the Executive holds office for a fixed term and never appears before the legislature to account for his actions. Hence, it is "an auxiliary precaution" that there be some place in the congressional system at which a party steamroller will meet an effective barrier. The House of Representatives cannot serve this purpose. There, debate is often more severely limited and freedom of decision is more restricted than in any other legislative chamber in the world. A two-thirds majority can suspend the rules, and after forty minutes of discussion, it can pass a measure with no opportunity to offer amendments. A special order from the Rules Committee can allocate time for debate between the majority and minority and require that the House can say only "Yes" or "No." Since the senators number only ninety-eight and show more qualities of prima donnas than do representatives, they would refuse to shackle themselves as do members of the House when they approve a special order from the Committee on Rules; senators would insist that they be permitted to vote on amendments. But without the possibility of parliamentary obstruction—that is, filibustering—a party steamroller, driven by a President and party leaders, could on occasion move almost as ruthlessly on the Senate side as it does on the House side of the Capitol.

THIRTY-ODD YEARS AGO in a book called *The American Senate,* which now occasionally enjoys what William James called the immortality of a footnote, I argued the case for the filibuster. I began the book during the Harding administration and finished when Coolidge was in the White House—the era of the Teapot Dome scandals. The Republican Party marchine was then powerful enough to prevent any investigation by a House committee, and Republicans in the Senate were not anxious to uncover wrongdoing. The Republican leaders knew that Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana and other Democrats could hold up important business; hence they had to consent to the thoroughgoing inquiry that was demanded. As to whether the threatened filibuster that brought about this result was in the public interest, it is sufficient to remark that three out of ten cabinet members were permitted or pressed to resign, and that there were several indictments and two suicides.

Those desiring Federal civil-rights legislation talk a great deal about the high-handed behavior of a minority. The Southern senators, it is charged, are able to defy "not only a majority in the Senate, but a majority in the country at large." Probably a majority in the country at large is willing for more civil-rights legislation to be passed, but we must not forget that one of the main reasons the framers of the Constitution provided two senators for each state, large or small, was precisely in order to protect the rights of sections

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against a majority in the country at large.

December 5, 1958, marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of an event on which the Northern liberals might pause to reflect: the end of national prohibition, which was, perhaps, in President Herbert Hoover's phrase, an experiment "noble in motive" but which was certainly a spectacular and disastrous failure. In 1918, when the state legislatures began to vote on the proposed prohibition amendment, saloons were illegal in approximately ninety per cent of the area of the nation, which contained nearly two-thirds of the population of the country. Temperance societies and the Anti-Saloon League (the most powerful pressure group that ever worked on Congress and state legislatures) insisted that aridity be complete. The "drys" marched to a battle that they won. Then they lost the war.

One concluding observation. Ours is the only major country with a two-party system where the laws that get on the Federal statute books, or that fail to get there, usually have bipartisan support and bipartisan opposition. In academic quarters one sometimes hears laments that American political parties are not "disciplined"; that their leadership is sometimes shadowy or undiscoverable, and that they do not present to the electorate clashing bodies of doctrine. But in a country as vast as the United States, with different sectional interests, a political providence has been good in seeing to it that a party majority does not pass party legislation which is opposed by a powerful and determined party minority; that on policies our parties prefer concessions to Pyrrhic victories. The filibuster is undemocratic if "democracy" means that anywhere, and particularly in a federal system, any majority should be able to do what it wishes on any issue at any time. Do the Northern liberals thus define "democracy"? Federalism was the means of forming the nation and it remains the means of preserving it. Congress, as well as the Supreme Court, is the Federal system's manager, and a Senate filibuster is well worth while if, on occasion, it prevents the Congressional manager from being tyrannical.

2. 'The Public Business Must Go Forward'

SENATOR JACOB K. JAVITS

After full discussion, encompassed within a reasonable period of time, the Senate should not be prevented from voting on vital matters by the specter of "extended" debate—the euphemism for a filibuster. To this end a number of senators, including Mr. Douglas of Illinois, Mr. Case of New Jersey, Mr. Humphrey of Minnesota, and myself, are proposing that Rule XXII, relating to cloture, be amended. Our resolution provides that debate may be limited by a vote of two-thirds of the senators present and voting—instead of a two-thirds majority of the full Senate, as is now provided in the rules—two days after sixteen senators have filed a petition for this purpose. It also provides that fifteen days, exclusive of Sundays and holidays, after the presentation to the Senate of a petition signed by sixteen senators, the Senate may impose cloture by a simple majority vote of the whole number of senators "duly chosen and sworn." As this is possible both on a motion to call up a bill and on the bill itself—and considering normal debate before cloture is even considered—there is an indicated sixty days' debate on any major bill.

Surely the foundations of the Republic will be sounder if a measure that ought to be voted on is eventually voted on, instead of being talked to death. Our proposal does not whittle away at free speech or the right to adequate debate. The resolution is nothing more than a reasonable attempt to provide for orderly and responsible representative government. It is not a gag rule. All it attempts to do is to provide that a small group of determined senators shall no longer have an arbitrary veto power to prevent the Senate from voting on the question before it by the threat of what is in effect unlimited time-consuming talk.

The Constitutional Issue

Of course, Rule XXII itself as it now stands, presents the most formidable obstacle against any attempt to amend it. If a motion is made to amend Rule XXII, then it says that senators may speak as long as they please, and no cloture of any kind is provided for. Under those circumstances, it becomes a fortress within a fortress.

Accordingly, the first vote likely to be faced when the new Congress convenes will be on some phase of a motion to proceed to the consideration of the Senate rules—on the assumption that the prior rules do not, of their own effect, carry over from Senate to Senate. A great deal of legal analysis has been devoted to the question of whether the rules from a prior Congress govern or whether at the outset of a Congress

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the Senate is subject only to general parliamentary rules. The importance of this matter lies in the fact that if general parliamentary rules control, then it is possible to close debate by moving "the previous question," which needs only the affirmative votes of a simple majority of those present and voting. In this connection, it is important to consider the advisory ruling of the Vice-President two years ago. That ruling was, in part, as follows:

"The Constitution also provided that 'each House may determine the rules of its proceedings.' This Constitutional right is lodged in the membership of the Senate, and it may be exercised by a majority of the Senate at any time. When the membership of the Senate changes, as it does upon the election of each Congress, it is the Chair's opinion that there can be no question that the majority of the new existing membership of the Senate, under the Constitution, have the power to determine the rules under which the Senate will proceed.

"Any provision of Senate rules adopted in a previous Congress which has the expressed or practical effect of denying the majority of the Senate in a new Congress the right to adopt the rules under which it desires to proceed is, in the opinion of the Chair, unconstitutional."

As the Vice-President pointed out, his ruling is only advisory. Only the

Senate itself may determine such questions of constitutionality. Nevertheless, the rationale of the Vice-President's opinion should have a considerable persuasive effect on that determination.

In accordance with the Constitution, each House determines its own rules of procedure; and, in this context, action by each House means a majority of each House. A practical delegation of that power to one or to thirty-three of its members is beyond the power of the Senate. The Senate's responsibilities are derived from the Constitution; and, short of amending that document, there is no way to qualify this power.

The Supreme Court has held that a House of Congress "may not by its rules ignore constitutional restraints" —*U.S.* v. *Ballin.*

To illustrate, let us assume that Congress were to pass a statute which, by its terms, provided that it could not be amended except by unanimous consent of both Houses. Surely no one would thereafter contend that that law might not be amended by a simple majority vote. In other words, Congress cannot impose on itself or on future Congresses a limitation that is not imposed by the Constitution. The proposition that one Congress does not have the right to bind another is almost hornbook law.

I recognize that the problem cannot be solved on the basis of constitutional authority alone; it must be worked out within both the parliamentary law and the traditions of the Senate. I am convinced that this can be done, but I think it is important to set at rest any possible question of the Senate's power to change its own rules.

The basic issue underlying the problem of cloture is whether the Senate—resting, as it does, on the premise of majority rule—is to function at all; or whether the Congressional power is to be nullified by the unparliamentary device of the filibuster.

Underwood and Hamilton

Much of the discussion on this subject has invoked the traditions of the Senate. Careful research on the development of the United States government from its initial period under the Articles of Confederation through the Constitutional Convention of 1787 show that the power which now stems from Rule XXII was not even contemplated at that time. On the contrary, from the expressed views of Madison, Hamilton, and others, a method of parliamentary procedure premised on Rule

XXII would have been violently opposed had it been suggested, because the premise of Rule XXII violates fundamental parliamentary law. It is at odds with early Senate procedures and with British parliamentary practice, and, almost without exception, it is directly contrary to all our State legislative rules of procedure.

In the early Senate, simple majority cloture was used; and the parliamentary device of "the previous question" was available to close debate under Senate rules and in Jefferson's Senate Manual. Even after 1806, when reference to "the previous question" was dropped from the standing rules, the presiding officer's power to rule on questions of relevancy and order could have prevented abuse. The conjunction of the lack of cloture and the lack of enforcement of a rule of relevancy made possible, after 1872, the modern veto-type filibuster. Its fullest development and its most flagrant abuses have occurred following the Civil War, in opposition to the enactment of civil-rights legislation. Most have occurred in the last thirty-five years.

Although opponents of any changes in the rules prefer to phrase the issue in terms of free speech, what is primarily involved is the unrestrained power of obstruction.

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When the late Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama staged a filbuster during the 1922 debate on the Dyer anti-lynching bill, he unmasked for all time the real reason for the tremendous opposition that any rules change always faces when he said:

"We are not disguising what is being done on this side of the Chamber. It must be apparent, not only to the Senate but to the country, that an effort is being made to prevent the consideration of a certain bill, and I want to be perfectly candid about it. It is known throughout the country generally as a force bill. . . .

"I do not say that captiously. I think all men here know that under the rules of the Senate when fifteen or twenty or twenty-five men say that you cannot pass a certain bill, it cannot be passed.

"I want to say right now to the Senate that if the majority party insists on this procedure they are not going to pass the bill, and they are not going to do any other business.

"You know you cannot pass it. Then let us go along and attend to the business of the country."

Alexander Hamilton, himself a staunch conservative, stated his views on this subject in Number 22 of *The Federalist:*

"The public business must, in some way or other, go forward. If a pertinacious minority can control the opinion of a majority, respecting the best mode of conducting it, the majority, in order that something may be done, must conform to the views of the minority; and thus the sense of the smaller number will overrule that of the greater, and give a tone to the national proceedings."

I DO NOT BELIEVE that today's Rule XXII serves the purpose of deliberation within the Senate or of education of the public generally. I do not —and I know of no responsible person who does—question the desirability of those two objectives. What I question is in effect a delegation of the power and responsibility of the majority to a determined minority, which has been, and can be again, an arbitrary block to action, contrary to the judgment of the majority of the senators and to the will of the people they represent.

The Berliners Make Their Choice

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

LATE LAST SUMMER, during his annual vacation on the shores of the Black Sea, Walter Ulbricht, First Secretary of the S.E.D., or Socialist Unity (i.e., Communist) Party of East Germany, put his situation to Nikita Khrushchev in forceful terms: "If the Soviet Union can't get the Allies out of Berlin, I can't hold East Germany." Ulbricht was not exaggerating. Since the founding of the "German Democratic Republic" it had proved impossible to stabilize this artificial state. Now, both politically and economically, matters had at last reached a critical stage.

Politically, the S.E.D. had been bedeviled by an unending series of internal crises, purges, and defections. The eight-man Politburo (with an additional four voteless "candidates") and the nine-man Secretariat of the Central Committee have always been in a state of flux. The only constants in these top echelons have been Ulbricht, President of the Republic Wilhelm Pieck, now eighty-two and decrepit, and Prime Minister Otto Grotewohl, a turncoat Socialist who has just suffered a severe stroke and may be on his deathbed. The chief reason for this chaos is a basic division of allegiance even among many of the top Communist functionaries. Ulbricht himself revealed the essence of the situation late in 1957 in preparing the way for the purge of Karl Schirdewan, his deputy and "crown prince" of the party; Fred Oelssner, the Politburo member in charge of consumer-goods production; and Ernst Wollweber, central committeeman and chief of state security. "There are comrades," said Ulbricht then, "who regard the peasants' and workers' state as a temporary phenomenon and are of the opinion that we should remain in the present stage of development because, if we were to go further, the reunification of Germany would be hindered."

Germany is divided, and too many German Communists are more German than Communist. The yearning of East German Communists for reunification at almost any price has sometimes amounted to what can only be called subconscious sabotage. To combat this, Ulbricht has been forced to turn the ideological screws even tighter. The result has been an added impetus to *Republikflucht,* "flight from the Republic," which is the East German term for the unceasing flow of refugees from East to West Germany.

Drang nach Westen

Since 1945 more than 3,400,000 East Germans have fled to the West. This is roughly twenty per cent of the present East German population. (Included among them were more than twenty-two thousand officers and men of the People's Police and People's Army—the equivalent of seven regiments.) This depletion has already drastically affected the basic structure of the East German population. In a speech in July of last year, Grotewohl was unusually frank on this score:

"It is a fact," he said, "that the German Democratic Republic numbered nineteen million people in 1945, while today it numbers only 17,300,000." (According to the figures published by the Federal Ministry for All-German Affairs, the population of the East Zone is now just under seventeen million.) Grotewohl added that this loss had seriously affected the birth rate, which continues to decrease. "In 1951 we had 16.9 births for every thousand inhabitants. In 1952 it was 16.7, a year later 16.4, and in 1957 only 15.6." As a result, the proportion of old people has risen sharply. "At present," Grotewohl went on, "two men must work in order to support a third who is retired." He confessed that "the continuing flight from the Republic is problem No. 1, a prob-

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lem to which we have in every case taken a frivolous and very formal attitude. This cannot go on." He concluded by admitting that the East German government was "today still not in a position to draw the necessary, definitive conclusions."

Ulbricht drew the "necessary, definitive conclusions" when he talked to Khrushchev in the Crimea last summer. He had good reason to do so. His visit coincided with the greatest mass exodus of East Germans to West Germany via Berlin since 1953. More than two hundred thousand fled in 1958. On one weekend in August, some five thousand refugees crossed from East to West Berlin and asked for asylum. West Berlin refugee camps were overcrowded, and the West Berlin senate was forced to appeal to Bonn for additional federal aid to meet the emergency.

Even more alarming for Ulbricht & Co. was the quality of the refugees. These were the doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers, and scientists—the cream of the East Zone's professional, academic, and technical intelligentsia. Professor Hämel, the rector of the University of Jena, defected to West Berlin two days before the much-publicized quadricentennial jubilee of that institution. The most immediately critical loss took place among the doctors: more than a thousand fled west during the past year. The industrial labor force—and the cadre system, which is the life blood of every Communist régime—has been riddled. More than fifty per cent of all East German refugees are under twenty-five and the great majority of them are male.

All this renders any sort of long-term economic planning visionary. It was Ulbricht's July announcement of the "Twelve Hundred Days Plan," according to which East Germany was to equal and better West Germany's living standard in some three years (the plan was accompanied by extreme party pressure on all intellectuals), that precipitated the mass exodus of the very people he needed most. Today, six months after the plan was announced, the East Zone government suffers a shortage of more than twenty thousand skilled laborers. At the present rate of flight, moreover, Ulbricht stands to lose another twenty thousand in the next six months. This fact alone explains the dejection of the S.E.D. leadership when Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko suddenly turned up in Berlin two days before the Soviet notes on Berlin were delivered. The purpose of Gromyko's trip was to tell Ulbricht that the Soviet Union could not take measures against Berlin for at least another six months. The S.E.D. Central Committee had hoped that the Soviet Union would move before the end of the year.

In superficial terms the economic situation of the Soviet Zone has improved slightly: some new factories have been built and a few old ones repaired. The rationing of consumer goods has been abolished (although there are still acute and chronic shortages of such things as shoes and woolens, and of some foodstuffs—butter, cooking fat, beef, etc.). There has been some improvement of transport and distribution methods. Nevertheless East Germany represents to an ever-increasing extent the Soviet Union's biggest economic as well as political liability. Fred Oelssner, the expert on consumer-goods production who was thrown out of the Politburo in February and deprived of his seat in the "parliament," openly prophesied that the S.E.D. would face total economic ruin by the end of 1959 if economic and political policies were not immediately changed.

By last August, when the desperate attempts of the S.E.D. to stop the flow of refugees had not only failed but backfired (even West German authorities pleaded with East Germans to stay put), it had become obvious that the Communists would have to take some sort of drastic action. It was also obvious that the immediate target of such action would have to be Berlin. Until a year ago, the number of refugees from East to West Germany passing through Berlin hovered slightly around forty per cent of the total. When the East Zone authorities attempted to diminish the flow by restricting interzonal travel in 1957, the percentage jumped to sixty. By the middle of last year it was eighty. The Communists could seal off East from West Germany, but they could not seal off East Berlin from West Berlin. Nor could they effectively prevent travel (although they tried) to East Berlin from the East Zone—the Soviet sector of the city serves, after all, as the capital of the German Democratic Republic.

Debacle in the Gay City

There was no great surprise in West Berlin when Nikita Khrushchev suddenly announced the Soviet intention to abrogate unilaterally the four-power agreements guaranteeing the status of the city. But between the publication of the Soviet notes on Berlin and the West Berlin elections, a curious air of uncertainty pervaded the city. It was as if each Berliner were sure of himself but unsure of everybody else. There was also a feeling of frustration and helplessness in the absence of any immediate, concerted western reply to the Soviet threat.

A few days before the elections I went over to East Berlin, the slum capital of the Soviet Union's ramshackle artifact, the German Democratic Republic. There in the Soviet Embassy, a gray mildewed wedding cake of a building, I talked to Vladimir Deburov, the Soviet press attaché. "I can't tell you anything," he said, "but why worry? It's no hardship waiting out the note in Berlin. Berlin is a gay city." This is true. In spite of everything, Berlin is the gayest city in Europe. "Athens on the Spree," as Berlin is called by Berliners, is beloved of all foreigners and especially Americans. To those who cordially dislike Germany and the Germans, Berlin and the Berliners are always the exception. In Berlin it is easy to get punched in the nose by a Dutchman or a Frenchman for expressing dislike of Berlin. The affection of foreigners for Berlin is returned by Berliners. But the Berliners are somewhat less fond of the Rhine and Ruhr Germans: "I am very happy to see you," said the porter at Tempelhof airport when I arrived. "Whenever there's a crisis in Berlin the fat boys from Düsseldorf always high-tail it back to the Rhineland and the lean boys from Kansas and Chicago always turn up in Berlin. Welcome!"

On December 7, election day, West Berliners took matters in

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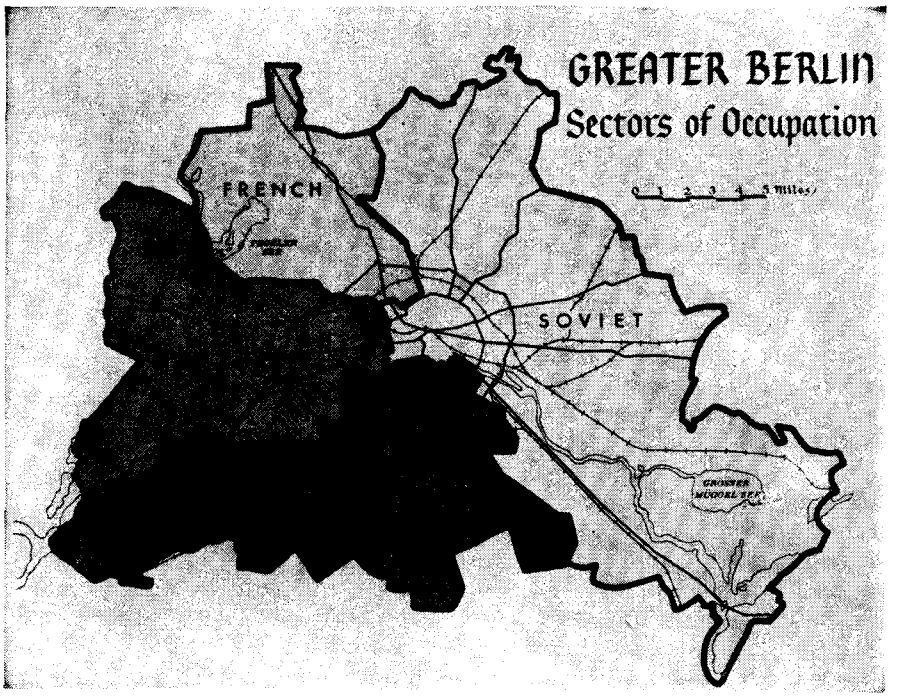
their own hands. The elections marked the highest electoral participation in German parliamentary history. West Berliners flocked to their home town from all over West Germany and western Europe simply to cast their votes. (Seven Berlin cabaret actresses in Wolfsburg, in West Germany, skipped a heavily booked performance to make an all-night run for Berlin in order to vote on Sunday morning.) The result was a resounding defeat for the S.E.D., which polled only 1.9 per cent of the popular vote. In effect, the elections turned an attempted Communist advance into a complete rout.



On Monday, the day after the elections, *Neues Deutschland*, the *Pravda* of the S.E.D., said in scarcely concealed despair: "The appearance of our party in West Berlin was, so to speak, only the overture." It was a long overture. It began five years ago when, in the 1954 elections, the S.E.D. polled 2.7 per cent of the popular vote. A modest beginning, but then *Neues Deutschland* confidently proclaimed: "Our party has come out of its isolation in West Berlin and has begun to bind itself more closely with the masses. . . . The party has gone over to the offensive—this offensive will be continued on a broad basis." Four years of this offensive on a broad basis cost the S.E.D. more than ten thousand votes—one-third of the party's total vote in 1954. And this with more than seventy thousand additional voters taking part in the recent elections. The overture was, in fact, a finale.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the magnitude of the debacle. The S.E.D. launched a full-scale attempt to make a decent showing. The party held four mass meetings in West Berlin during the campaign and enjoyed the full and expert protection of the West Berlin police. It was unstinting in its use of posters, leaflets, and brochures exhorting Berliners to accept "the normal solution to the Berlin problem." For about two weeks before the elections young Communist students from the Humboldt University were sent to the Free University in West Berlin. About twenty agitators came over each day. Working in groups of three and four, they stationed themselves at vantage points of the Free University campus and drew West Berlin students into political discussions during free periods. One discussion I overheard ran like this:

East: "It is undemocratic to have a five per cent clause [whereby any party polling less than five per cent of the popular vote does not receive a seat in the senate]. Almost three per cent of West Berliners belong to the S.E.D. They have a right to representation."

West: "What is the population of Hungary?"

East: "What? Oh, about nine million."

West: "How many Hungarians would you say took part in the Hungarian uprising?"

East: "Less than a million—about nine hundred thousand, not more."

West: "But that is ten per cent of the Hungarian population."

End of discussion.

That was pretty much the way it went throughout. There was nothing the Communists could say, nothing they could do. The ideological weapons they used—strangely archaic and pitifully inadequate—were quickly struck out of their hands or, more often, turned against them.

They Voted Freely

One blue Monday after the elections, in S.E.D. party headquarters in the Behrenstrasse in East Berlin, top party functionaries thrashed about desperately in search of excuses. They had pointed out, it is true, at least a week before, that the publication of the Soviet notes in advance of the elections was a major tactical blunder. In the first place, the threat made the Berliners angry. Secondly, coming when they did, the Soviet notes turned the elections into a plebiscite for or against the Soviet proposal on West Berlin. This was inevitable: only in West Berlin can German political parties of East and West contend freely. (In West Germany the Communist Party was declared unconstitutional five years ago.) Thus West Berlin is the only all-German electoral arena in existence—a fact that enhanced the significance of the elections immeasurably.

But it was also clear that the S.E.D. had misled the Soviets regarding Communist chances in the West Berlin elections. The big question was whether the S.E.D. could break the five per cent barrier and put at least one or two of its representatives in the West Berlin senate. Under crisis conditions, many East German Communists actually expected this—and some of the West Berliners frankly feared it. The least the Communists expected was an increase over the 2.7 per cent received in the last elections, particularly in the workers' districts of West Berlin such as Wedding and

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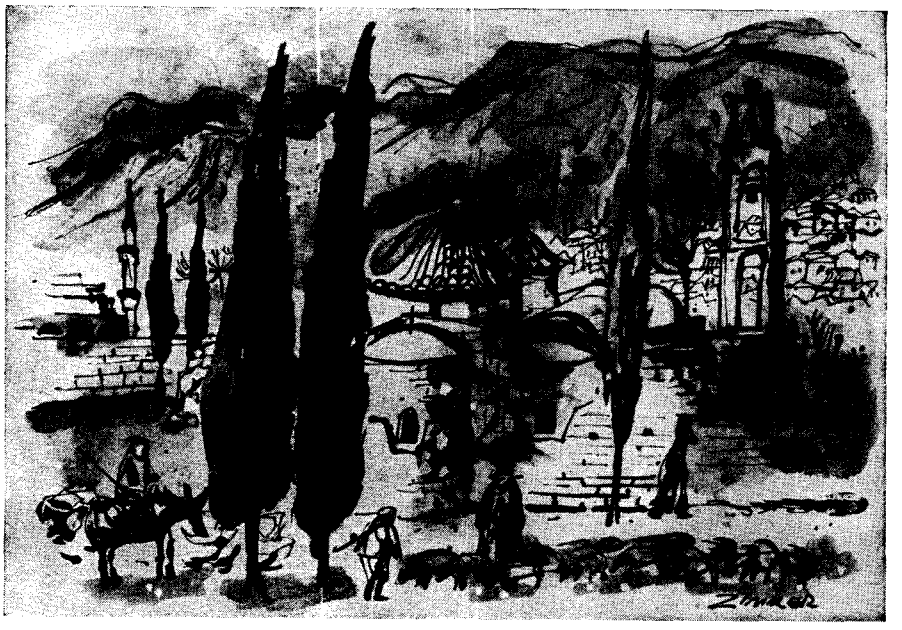
Neukölln, which were famous Red strongholds before the war. But here, too, their hopes were dashed: in Wedding the S.E.D. vote was shaved from four per cent to three. (Wedding, significantly, is Willy Brandt's home district: he polled a resounding sixty-seven per cent.)

In the end the S.E.D. had to content itself with weak cries of foul play, police terror, capitalist threats of reprisals against loyal S.E.D. votters, etc.—all charges glaringly false to East as well as West Berliners. True, sixty-one rowdies were arrested on the eve of the elections for tearing down campaign posters. But fifty-one of them turned out to be trained and salaried agitators resident in East Berlin. They were released on Sunday morning. Sunday the seventh in Berlin was as orderly and solemn as a high church holiday. There were no incidents. The elections proceeded with the matter-of-factness characteristic of the Berliner at work.

ABOVE ALL, the elections were the personal triumph of Willy Brandt, Berlin's cool-headed, quiet-spoken, but very tough Lord Mayor. Brandt's victory was more than a stinging rebuke to the East German Communists and their Soviet masters.

It was also a sharp remonstrance to the flaccid "economic wonderland" of West Germany. Trembling with anger in his moment of triumph, Brandt lashed out in both directions: "This is also Berlin's answer to certain people who believed that they could come here and slight Berlin's Lord Mayor and other leading figures." Everyone in the Brandenburghalle of the Court House knew whom Brandt meant. Three days before, Konrad Adenauer had come to Berlin to plump for his Christian Democratic Party's candidates. He had been ill-advised enough to set aside only half an hour to confer with Brandt on the Berlin situation. Brandt countered that this was hardly time enough to have a worthwhile discussion of so crucially important an issue. The meeting did not take place. The Berlin public was quick to sense the anomaly, and immediately sided with Brandt. Today, Brandt speaks for Berlin. And in any negotiations concerning Berlin he will be heard.



Tito Builds a Church In Macedonia

GORDON SHEPHERD

IN THE WILDS of Macedonia there are folk melodies which the peasants play on exactly one note. The "tune" is achieved by quavering intervals of less than a semitone, which their special instruments are capable of producing. These melodies would defeat a piano, just as their rhythms—twelve-sixteenths with inner divisions—would baffle any ordinary tympanist. They are neither western nor eastern (to the real Macedonian, Turkish music still sounds like hymn singing, despite the centuries of Ottoman rule). They are, in fact, antique Balkan, without profile or annotation, yet insistently, monotonously, and unmistakably themselves.

This is as good an introduction as any to the perennial problem of Macedonia itself, which the Kremlin has now startlingly revived. For, like their music, the Macedonians are easier to recognize than define. It is thus impossible to answer the questions Moscow has raised: what *is* Macedonia, and why should Yugoslavia claim any special links with it? It is easier to say what Macedonians are not. They are neither Bulgarians nor Albanians, neither Greeks nor South Serbs. They might perhaps be described as a South Slav people, dominated by the legend of a separate culture and history despite the fact that both had been submerged for centuries until Tito began to dig them up. And, precisely because their patriotism is mystical rather than practical, there will be a Macedonian problem as long as there are two Macedonians alive on opposite sides of a border.

The Soviet campaign, which has again thrown a modest spotlight on this "Balkan cockpit," began at the academic level three months ago when the Slavic Congress in Moscow solemnly denied the existence of any distinctive Macedonian race or culture. The Bulgarian radio built up this edict into a political campaign against Yugoslavia that has gained steadily in virulence, climaxing in threats that Yugoslavia's Macedonian population will one day be "liberated from the yoke of the imperialist Tito."

Fifty years ago, such threats would have rocked the foreign ministries of the world. Even in this atomic age

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there is cause for concern, for an old-fashioned powder keg like Macedonia can still cause an explosion. Why have the Russians suddenly decided to light fuses all around it?

The great majority of Macedonians live within the borders of Yugoslavia—1,300,000 compared with 295,000 in the Pirin frontier province of Bulgaria and far fewer in northern Greece. After the Second World War the partisans made Macedonia one of the six People's Republics of Yugoslavia, and this numerical preponderance took on firm political contours. Today, while the Macedonians of Bulgaria remain merely a suspect minority of disputed status, their blood brothers across the border live in a vigorous and semi-autonomous state with its own newspaper and radio station, its own university, and even—since last fall—its own national church. In short, Yugoslavia is the magnet and the iron filings are in Bulgaria. As Russia can never hope to match the pull, its only course is to pretend it does not exist.

From Caravan to Corbusier

How difficult this will be I saw from a recent visit to the bustling young republic that Tito is building in the south. The capital, Skopje, is a very different place today from the gray and frightened garrison town I passed through at the height of Stalin's cold war six years ago, when eight hundred Soviet T-34 tanks were poised on the Bulgarian frontier less than sixty miles away. Despite Soviet-inspired threats, Skopje is now relaxed, remarkably free of troops, and preoccupied mainly with a vast building program that is transforming its face and spirit.

The Vardar River does for Skopje what the Danube does for Budapest—dividing it by time as well as by water into an old city clustered on the heights of the left bank and a new city sprawling on the plains of the right. Little remains of the romantic glories of Turkish Skopje, which in its prime was second only to Istanbul, with 120 mosques and two thousand shops for the admiring traveler to count. The industrial framework of Communism presses down heavily on the remains of this ancient caravan center. The forced marriage of old and new is an ugly one in the daytime. Apartment houses sprout up incongruously among the surviving mosques of the town. Erected mostly by enthusiastic "private syndicates" of young local architects, they look as though they had been inspired by memories of early Le Corbusier designs. Their jaunty little balconies and modern façades, variously colored in yellow, blue, and ochre, strike a jarring note alongside the mellow brown stones of the temples of Islam.

"What on earth can we do about that?" grunted one of the city fathers (aged about thirty), to whom I protested against this poor planning. "For all the hundreds of projects we are engaged in, Skopje still has about the worst housing problem of any city in Yugoslavia. Twenty years ago, we had sixty thousand inhabitants. Now we have 153,000, and every family is clamoring for a new home. The main thing is to get the

houses up. Aesthetic considerations have to take a back seat." He added with a grin, "Anyway, it doesn't look so bad at night."

There he was perfectly correct. In the evening, when mist rises up from the river, the low domes of the mosques are hidden, and the minarets beside them thrust up into the sky like space rockets mounted on invisible launching pads. The night landscape thus becomes mysteriously modern, even futuristic; and the square masses of the imitation Le Corbusier buildings fit easily into it.

But though the minarets may become transfigured, in other respects darkness makes the traditional pulse of Skopje beat more strongly again. Eighteen years of Communism have not altered, for example, the nightly ritual of the Corso, in which the whole town seems to take part. The main street leading out of the square up to the station is closed to traffic from dusk to bedtime to allow thousands of citizens to trudge fifty abreast up and down, up and down, as if stirred by an unseen spoon. Even on pouring-wet nights, a few hundred die-hards continue the performance, hopping from shop door to shop door through the gleaming puddles. On dry evenings the street is choked, and it vibrates with chattering voices like a tree filled with starlings.

THIS DOGGED INDIFFERENCE to scaremongering and perhaps to politics of any sort typified by the Corso can be met with all over Skopje. I found it, for example, at the new university, where the rector, plus all his available professors and the leaders of the student community, obligingly gave me two hours' time one morning.

This, the first university of the Macedonians, is a potent weapon in the Yugoslav campaign to propagate the Macedonian idea. The bulk of its 4,153 regular students are local boys; the rector and most of its professors are Macedonian, and the examination papers are in either Macedonian or Serbo-Croat. I was interested to find out what precisely the Macedonian language is, in view of Soviet charges that Tito had "invented" it. The learned gathering assured me that their tongue had forty thousand words of its own, though the rector, who was busy rendering the Iliad into Macedonian, confessed he had to go back to Old Slavonic for hundreds of special roots. It was also admitted that written as opposed to spoken Macedonian is virtually a creation of the Communists. In 1944 the tongue used in the Veles-Prilep region was adopted as the standard, and a literature built up around it. Twenty novels, several dramas and volumes of poetry, and one opera already exist in the new medium.

A day or two later, in a smoky Skopje café, I met two of the giants of this infant literary universe. One

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was a poet who cheerfully claimed that, of the two hundred thousand verses in the new tongue, more than thirty-five thousand were his. This Stakhanovite among bards had even had one collection of his works translated into Flemish, though he couldn't think why.

His companion, a gray-haired man with two wise eyes blinking owl-like under a greasy beret, was of sterner stuff. He had secretly written a nine-hundred-page novel in Macedonian about the Spanish Civil War, in which he had fought "for man's freedom, not for Communism." But the time had not yet come when he dared offer it for publication. I extracted a half promise that he would bring along his hidden masterpiece for me to look at. But the next day at the appointed hour, his corner seat in the café was empty. I still feel this as a personal loss. Perhaps he was the Pasternak of Macedonia.

Swing from Skopje

Paradoxically enough, perhaps the best evidence I saw of the tenacity of the ancient Macedonian legend was the brand-new 135-kilowatt Swiss transmitter which carries on the radio war from the Yugoslav side. Daily broadcasts are beamed to "all our compatriots abroad." Fan mail has come from listeners as far afield as Egypt and even from Tashkent in the Soviet Union, though the main target, of course, is the Bulgarian minority just across the frontier.

The director of these programs was the antithesis of the solemn, well-briefed Communist official. Indeed, he was quite unable to reply to my first question as to what wave length he had been broadcasting on for the past fourteen years. With a smile that was only slightly embarrassed, he floundered around in the newspapers to see if they gave the information and finally, in triumph, consulted the tuning dial of the radio set beside his desk for the answer.

His information about the Bulgarians was, however, much more prompt. "When the trouble started in the summer, we baited them over the air for broadcasting to us in the Macedonian tongue. If, as they claimed, the language did not exist, why did they speak in it? They reacted instantly by renaming their broadcasts and peppering all the scripts with Bulgarian words. We then proceeded to lure part of their own audiences away by playing first-rate western dance music on our Macedonian programs. They promptly revised their own dreary programs, so at least we feel we have achieved something for our listeners who live across the border.

"More recently, things have taken a serious turn. A lot of our regular correspondents in Bulgaria have fallen silent and we suspect that this may have been due to police pressure. At any rate, Radio Skopje is now listed by Sofia among the 'western stations' to which it is unwise to listen, and they have already announced the arrest of several 'hooligans' for ignoring this advice."

ONE MIGHT BE PARDONED for supposing that Radio Skopje is the newest and sharpest weapon in Tito's armory against Bulgaria. But this is not so. Even more recent, and in the long run perhaps even more effective, is the national Orthodox Church of Macedonia, which had been created only a few weeks before my visit.

This must be about the first church to be founded by a Communist régime anywhere. Needless to say, practical arguments of politics, not concern for the Macedonians' souls, explain its appearance. To give the Macedonians a church of their own flatters the local population and impresses their Bulgarian relatives without making any serious inroads into the authority of the government: unlike the Roman Catholic Church, the Orthodox hierarchy in eastern Europe has a long tradition of fatalistic submission to the powers that be.

Admittedly, the worm nearly turned over the Macedonian issue. For years the Orthodox Patriarch in Belgrade subbornly opposed the creation of any Macedonian church that would not be simply a branch office of the Serbian headquarters. Tito has always attached great importance to good relations with the Patriarchate. But last fall, when the Eastern Bloc campaign was at its height and the conciliation of Macedonian feelings had become a major issue, he decided to act in defiance of Serbian Orthodox opinion.

What followed has that touch of *opéra bouffe* which is inseparable from most Macedonian affairs. A high official of the Patriarchate—Bishop Dositej, who is himself of Macedonian origin—was persuaded to accept nomination as leader of the new church. He was then spirited away from Belgrade, despite the vetoes and fulminations of the Patriarch, and taken to Ohrid, the famed religious center and beauty spot on the Yugoslav-Albanian border which is also the seat of an ancient Macedonian archbishopric dissolved in 1766. Here, on the weekend of October 4-5, a hundred laymen and 119 priests assembled to revive, on their own authority and in defiance of their superiors, the old diocese and much else besides. Dositej was elected Metropolitan of Macedonia, Archbishop of Skopje and Ohrid, and head of the Macedonian Orthodox Church. ("We were not quite clear about the established rules of procedure," the government's religious-affairs specialist told me disarmingly, "so we decided on a two-thirds majority for the Metropolitan and a plain majority for the two bishops to serve under him.")

The search for these bishops seems also to have produced its livelier moments. One candidate was willing enough to serve but ran into unexpected domestic trouble. He had been living a happy private life until then as a married man, and his spouse flatly refused to go to a convent just to leave him free for higher spiritual things. By the time I left Skopje, her angry cries had still not been silenced, and neither had the problem of her future.

It was also not known how the Patriarch himself would react to this state-supported "rebellion," which had resulted in the overnight foundation of a local church with an autonomy only thinly veiled by the formula that it was "in canonic unity with the Serbian Orthodox Church." The only established facts seemed to be that the Metropolitan of Skopje had come to stay, that the Yugoslav Macedonians were delighted about it, and that the Bulgarian Macedonians were envious about it. Which, after all, was precisely Tito's intention.

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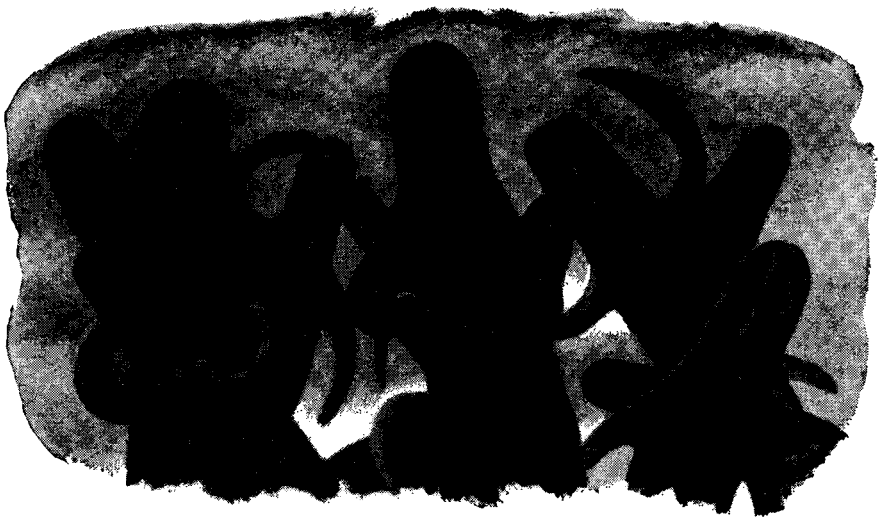

VIEWS & REVIEWS

'Somebody,' Anybody?

THOMAS P. COFFEY

WE ARE PRIVILEGED to have witnessed in our time the birth of a new divinity. He is "Somebody," "Somebody Up There," or "Just Good Old Somebody."

"Somebody" does nothing, knows nothing, hates nothing, feels nothing. He is not the "joyous, ripping good fellow, the perfect image of a go-getter from the Jazztown Rotary Club" about whom Bruce Barton spoke a generation ago. Barton was discussing Jesus, The Man Nobody Knows. "Somebody" is too polite, too much a gentleman, and too good a neighbor to come back-slapping into our midst. "Somebody" makes no claims, asserts no rights, pronounces no judgments. He is, above all, diplomatic.

Nobody, however, should deny that "Somebody" affects everybody. The hero of the perfect baseball game, Yankee Don Larsen, said that during the game he was constantly praying, "Please help me, 'Somebody.'" Later in 1956, when the Michigan State University football team defeated the University of Michigan, the Detroit *Free Press* ran a big headline: 'SOMEBODY' LIKES M.S.U. One of America's most popular songs in many years was called "Somebody Up There Likes Me." A prominent television personality regularly refers to "Somebody Upstairs." And an American politician, after winning a gubernatorial election recently, declared: "Somebody Upstairs had something to do with this." The Great God "Somebody" has, it would appear, at last emerged as the supreme loyalty of the age.

"SOMEBODY" could not be harsh with the doctors of the law, with the Pharisees, or with the Sadducees. "Somebody" accommodates everybody, offends nobody, pleases anybody. Since "Somebody" is only obscurely known to us, floating like a cloud across the religious horizon of our good feeling and togetherness, he causes nobody any trouble. The atheist does not bring his fist crashing against the table, shouting and declaiming against "Somebody." The materialist does not plant his two feet on the earth and proclaim loudly and clearly that "Somebody" is a lot of eyewash. As for the agnostic, he still remains wholly doubtful that "Somebody" exists, being himself, however, most like "Somebody." For he is the perfect exemplar and the extension, as it were, of the noncommitment that identifies "Somebody." The believer, finally, remains completely calm and self-possessed in his adherence to "Somebody." He does not inquisite those who disrespect "Somebody." He does not dream of overturning the established order of things by sacrificing himself and his possessions for "Somebody." "Somebody" has brought peace, concord, and friendship to everybody.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that the farther a man progresses in the worship of "Somebody," the less he actually knows about "Somebody." This development has, of course, its parallel in other faiths. Christians, when they existed, used to call this "the dark night of the soul." Other religions referred to the same phenomenon under other names. This inevitably leads to the stimulating question whether or not there is some common psychological substratum of desire which all the religions (Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, or that of "Somebody") must satisfy. Everyday people are experiencing a greater realization of the truth that religion is not something but "Somebody."

Happily, we notice the gradual disappearance of that nest of sterile pedantry which wants to distinguish between "Somebody" and anybody and everybody, and which would like to reduce religion to a mere matter of intelligence. "Somebody" is more widely recognized now than ever before to be anybody to everybody, and everybody is coming to be "Somebody" to anybody. A new type of freedom has followed in the wake of "Somebody's" success, giving everybody the right to be almost anybody.

In fact, "Somebody's" success now belongs to everybody, and anybody can be "Somebody" if he really wants to do so. There is enough of "Somebody" for everybody, however, and those unfortunate currents of selfishness and competition which occupied the minds of people in former ages have fortunately been banished. Now nobody wants to be just anybody. It is not only tennis stars who have always wanted to be "Somebody."

"Somebody," Anybody?

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Edmund Wilson, The Last Patrician—II

NORMAN PODHORETZ

In *Axel's Castle* we see a Wilson who has decided that the various forms of retreat from contemporary society practiced by writers throughout the 20's could no longer serve the purposes of either life or literature. In 1929 (the year *Axel's Castle* was begun), he turned out article after article emphasizing this point. A review of the diary of Dostoevsky's wife becomes a kind of warning to expatriate American writers of the dangers of cutting themselves off from "the realities of our contemporary life"; he urges Thornton Wilder to try his hand at a novel set in modern America instead of in exotic locales; he attacks Mencken for making it "the fashion to speak of politics as an obscene farce." What was bothering Wilson in the months immediately preceding the stock-market crash of October, 1929, was the feeling that the indifference to politics and social questions shared by most American writers in the 20's amounted to a complacent acquiescence in the triumph of the businessman. A short time after the crash, he pounced on the idea that the depression might be the first great turning point in American history since the Civil War, marking the final collapse of all Gilded Ages, and that it therefore offered an opportunity to right both the social and cultural evils of the era born in the 1870's. Thus, when he looked to the Soviet Union and Marxist literature for guidance, it was still as an American fighting the same old fight and defending the same values.

Like Van Wyck Brooks, who now abandoned his campaign against American materialism and priggishness and turned to search for a "useable past" in what he had once called the "dry Yankee stalk" of nineteenth-century New England, Wilson too was affected by nationalist sentiments in the 30's, but they were not in the least of the nostalgic variety. He brought back with him from a visit to the Soviet Union in 1935 "the feeling that being an American did mean something unique, that Americanism was a solid social entity which stood quite apart from Europe, belonging to a separate category rather than merely differing from it as the characters of the various European peoples differed from one another; something that, in fundamental ways, was just as unlike what one finds in Russia as what one finds in the Western European nations." He had at first been struck by how much Americans and Russians had in common as against all Europeans, and this he attributed to the fact that the United States and the Soviet Union had both done away with rigid class systems. (In reprinting these observations in 1956, Wilson admitted that his one dishonesty had been to soft-pedal the already observable phenomenon of a new class system in the U.S.S.R.) The defects of Soviet Communism he ascribed to the special historical circumstances of Russia; his faith in socialism remained as unshaken by his Russian experience as his faith in democracy was unshaken by the crash. And he was now sure that "the socialist ideal is more natural to us than to the Russians."

Having learned some Russian during his Soviet trip, Wilson now began to apply himself with characteristic industry and thoroughness to a study of the intellectual background of the Russian Revolution. He spent six years writing *To the Finland Station*, his most ambitious work and the only one, apart from *Axel's Castle*, that really constitutes an organic whole rather than a collection of more or less closely related pieces. Wilson's talents as a biographer, his extraordinary skill at summing up the contents of a book, his ability to digest an immense volume of material, his gift of elucidation, and his keen critical powers are all brought into play in this account of the development of socialism from the Utopians through Marx and Engels and finally to the implementation of Marxism by Lenin and Trotsky in the Russian Revolution. The method he employs is to concentrate on men rather than doctrines—or rather, his detailed exposition of doctrine is woven so closely into the biographical framework in each case that we are left with the very Emersonian and rather un-Marxist feeling that it is individuals who count in the last resort, that history is made by men out of their determination, their passion, their steadfastness, their willingness to sacrifice themselves to ideals—even when, like Trotsky, they imagine themselves to be nothing more than the passive agents of history.

The main weakness of *To the Finland Station* lies in its account of Marxist theory and its portrayal of the character of Lenin. Wilson was very eager to believe that the ideals of Marxism and of the Russian Revolution were continuous with the ideals of the Enlightenment and the American Revolution, and he was therefore forced into writing off all those elements in Marx that conflict with this image as Germanic "myths" and imperfectly secularized religious ideas. Similarly with Lenin, who emerges from this book as a saint of progress, a kind of enlightened and nobler Oliver Cromwell. Just as Wilson had tried to ascribe the defects of Soviet Communism in 1935 to the peculiarities of the Russian character, so here he ascribes the weaknesses and inconsistencies of Marxism to "religion" and "utopianism," and explains away Lenin's ruthlessness and cruelty as political necessities of the moment.

To the Finland Station supplied the final term in Wilson's shift from liberalism to radicalism. The Russian Revolution, one might say, figured for him as the political aspect of the revolution in sensibility effected by the symbolists. Joyce, Proust, Yeats, and Eliot had opened up new possibilities for humanity by pointing to a way out of the dilemmas of mechanism, while Marx and Engels and Trotsky and Lenin had traced a path out of the cruel social system in which mechanism flourished. But both the symbolists and the Marxists

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had paid the price of pioneers in error and inconsistency, departing from the road of pure reason that leads to human fulfillment on earth, and it was up to us in America, where conditions were so much more propitious, to benefit from their achievements and their mistakes and to push forward to the goal of making "a practical success of human society."

Though Wilson's radicalism kept him in tune with the times, he gradually came to feel increasingly estranged from the intellectual temper of the 30's. The suspicion may have been stirring within him that his socialism had a different source, a different tone, and a wholly different emphasis from the Marxism of most literary intellectuals of the day, very few of whom were thinking in such strongly American terms. But whether or not some such perception was at work in Wilson toward the end of the 30's, his uneasiness at the attitudes toward literature prevalent in left-wing circles was certainly powerful. He was disturbed by the lack of enthusiasm among the young for books, and suggested that the obsessive hunt for "social significance" was destroying their pleasure in reading; and he spoke out repeatedly against the tendency to judge a work of literature by its ideological content. The job of a writer, he kept saying, was to write as well and as truthfully as he could, and he would best serve the purposes of socialism by devoting himself to his craft while refusing to subordinate the requirements of craft to the discipline of politics or any other external consideration.

The Power of the Spirit

Wilson's growing disaffection with the 30's expressed itself at first in a nostalgia for the 20's that became more and more poignant as time went on. In a play called *This Room and This Gin and These Sandwiches* written in 1937, he portrays the disintegration at the end of the 20's of a passionate little-theater group in Greenwich Village which breaks up as a result of economic pressures without and silliness and confusion within. But there is an elegiac tone to the play, which is really an obituary for the intransigent spirit that once lived in the Village and that seemed to exist there no more. One of the themes of *This Room* is that people who keep the reality of the spirit (i.e., civilization) alive by dedicating themselves entirely to its demands often must do so at the expense of self-mutilation and the sacrifice of "repose"—a point he kept harping on in his critical essays of the 30's. He published (in *The Triple Thinkers*) a long piece on John Jay Chapman, whom he represents as having heroically inflicted "permanent psychological damage" on himself "by beating his head against the gilt of the Gilded Age," and whom he clearly admires for having carried his "Thoreauvian Intransigence" into society instead of solitude. In the same volume, he quotes again one of his favorite passages in all literature, Proust's remark about the moral obligations imposed on us which are "invisible only to fools—and are they really to

them?" and declares that Proust was speaking "for every moral, esthetic or intellectual passion which holds the expediencies of the world in contempt."

This continual assertion, both in his studies of Marxism and in his literary criticism, that civilization rests on the individual's "affirmation of the power of the spirit in indifference to, if not in defiance of, what may be called the worldly situation—that is, of the *mise en scène*, the conditions of life, the amenities," indicates how deeply the secularized Puritanism of Thoreau and Emerson had penetrated Wilson's thinking, and how little his absorption in twentieth-century revolutionary ideas had been able to touch the "early American" core of his character—how, indeed, they had only served to reinforce it. ("The world," wrote Emerson in an essay that Wilson once said supplied the text of which Thoreau's life and work were an exemplification, "is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature . . .; in yourself slumbers the whole of reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all.") And we can also see that Wilson's orientation toward the world continued to be determined even at this period of his life by the memory of what had befallen his father's generation, which, he says in the Chapman essay, had to contend with a society that drove the best of them to insanity and suicide.

Some time during the 30's Wilson himself suffered a breakdown, and this experience probably lay behind the concern with neurosis in relation to art that informs the essays collected in *The Wound and the Bow*. But another factor must have operated to produce this new preoccupation—his brooding over the failure of the 20's to accomplish what they had set out to do, over the dimming of so many shining stars, and over the very different failure of the 30's, which began with such glorious hopes and were now ending in a worse demoralization than the decade before; demoralization and war.

From about 1941 on, we have to deal with a new Wilson, a Wilson whose estrangement from the intellectual world around him was aggravated by the passage of the years until he finally washed his hands of it altogether and retreated into a special "pocket of the past." Like several other liberals who still vividly remembered the last war and its outcome, he had opposed America's entry into the Second World War, and he seems to have considered British imperialism as great a menace to civilization as Nazism. After he had resigned in a fury from the staff of the *New Republic* when its then owner forced a change in policy from isolationism to intervention, his bitterness against the British mounted, and he fell into the habit of speaking of them in an accent that combined the snarl of America Firstism with the moral indignation of a New Englander who still cherishes memories of the hated redcoats at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill.

This astonishing Anglophobia erupted all over the pages of *Europe Without Baedeker*, a book written just at the end of the war in the form of "sketches among the ruins of Italy,

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Greece, and England." Here, in his remarks about the British, we get our first glimpse of what the "early American" component of Wilson looks like when it dissociates itself from his "avant-garde" side; it is rather a startling spectacle. Gone (or at least largely gone) is the poise, the judiciousness that always characterizes his literary criticism; gone is the marvelous balance of stern, unyielding principle and unlimited imaginative sympathy that makes his best work so immensely impressive. And in their place come crankiness, irascibility, intolerance, self-righteousness, and a complete relapse into the old myth of American innocence and moral purity caught in the corruptions of Europe.

The cultural sterility of the early 40's bothered him as much as the political atmosphere, and he went so far as to draw a connection between the two, blaming the loss of creative energy on the fact that writers had given themselves over whole hog to the war. In 1943, he expressed the hope that the end of the war would release a demand for better work in the arts, just as 1918 had done, but when nothing of the sort came to pass, he apparently found himself bewildered. Wilson's book reviews of the 40's (collected in *Classics and Commercials*), valuable as they are in many important respects, present a picture of the patrician American mind that had triumphantly coped with the whole rapidly shifting world of the period between the two wars floundering before the radically new situation of the war and postwar years.

One aspect of this confusion shows itself very clearly in *The Boys in the Back Room*, a series of short pieces on some of the young novelists who came up in the 30's and who all derived from Hemingway (John O'Hara, James M. Cain, William Saroyan, John Steinbeck, and a few others). Wilson was bothered by the element of "trashiness" (his favorite pejorative word in this period) that seemed to mingle in strange juxtaposition with artistic seriousness in their books, and particularly in the work of Steinbeck. His explanation of this anomaly is the influence of Hollywood—all these writers are unconsciously trying to produce novels that can be translated to the screen

with a minimum of difficulty. But if this were the case, why would they not simply turn out pure trash? Wilson's rather lazy-minded attempt to refer the problem, in good 20's style, to the lure of filthy lucre constitutes a failure on his part to recognize the existence of a crucially important new phenomenon in American culture: the "middlebrow" writer. The fact is that Steinbeck and the other boys in the back room were writing as well as they could, and that something had gone wrong with their relation to their own experience—and therefore to the means they used of interpreting this experience to themselves—that rendered them incapable of perceiving the difference between the serious and the "trashy."

The National Past

Having lost a sense of vital connection with the contemporary cultural situation in America, Wilson began taking periodic leaves of absence. In 1947 he went off to describe the Shalako festival of the Zuñi Indians, and in 1949 he produced a long account of life and literature in Haiti. A few years later he astonished everyone by publishing an essay called "On First Reading Genesis," in which he announced that he had been studying Hebrew (he already knew Greek, Latin, and Russian, and was fluent in most of the modern European languages) and that he had looked carefully into the Old Testament for the first time in his life. Subsequently he visited Israel, and soon thereafter plunged deep into the issues raised by the discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls, mastering an incredible volume of highly technical scholarly detail along the way. Though his interest in the Jews and especially in the scrolls seemed on the surface only an extension of the freethinker's irrepressible urge to discredit the supernatural claims of religion (the urge that also drew him to Zuñi and Haiti), in reality a much deeper impulse was being served here. This excursion into the Old Testament was one of the two paths Wilson was taking back into his own origins, for what mainly concerned him was the deep affinities he discovered between the Jews and the American Puritans from whom he himself derived ("The Puritanism of New England was a kind of new Judaism, a Judaism transposed into Anglo-Saxon terms"). The other path was a series of biographical studies of important Americans of the past century—Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a whole host of Civil War personalities.

Like everyone else in this period, then, Wilson has become extremely self-conscious about his relation to the national past. But it is a feeling of isolation from the present, not of being cut off from the past, that accounts for his current preoccupation with the Presidents and generals and obscure novelists of the second half of the nineteenth century. We get the impression in reading Wilson on Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt and Oliver Wendell Holmes and General Sherman that the real purpose of these essays is not an impersonal investigation of the particular subjects under discussion so much as his attempt to construct an image of the American character that will show him to be the truest living representative of its most fundamental qualities and its deepest aspirations. And when he says in *A Piece of My Mind* that he fears he may be an "exceptional case" living in a "pocket of the past," we suspect a certain disingenuousness—we suspect him of meaning us to understand that he alone is actually living in the "real" America and that he is an exceptional case by virtue of that fact.

One guesses that Wilson's self-image is of an American who has combined the "internationalist" ideal of Henry James with the "republican patriotism" of Lincoln; and indeed, we have seen how hard he has worked to assimilate the symbolists, Marx and Lenin, Freud, and finally the Jews (whom he calls the founders of

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"international thinking") to the concept of Americanism to which he has always been loyal: the readiness to explore new possibilities of human development, the refusal to accept individual frustration or social misery as given in the nature of things, the faith in the human imagination as the source of all values and in the human will as the agent of progress. And one guesses that Wilson, now in his sixties, will spend the rest of his days elaborating a theory of American history in which periods of "republican patriotism" will be shown to alternate with fallings-off into careerism and baseness. The Republic, which has "had to be saved over and over again, and . . . continues to have to be saved," will moreover be shown to depend for redemption on a recurrent outburst of "the traditional American idealism" that he himself has so magnificently embodied.

So with "old-fogeyism comfortably closing in" on him, Edmund Wilson now sits in the old stone house at Talcottville in the western part of upper New York State, where his mother's family came to live from New England over a century ago when Talcottville was still a frontier town and where he feels himself in touch with an older, cruder, simpler America that has somehow managed to survive there in an isolated pocket. He reflects that his generation, while not having had so difficult a time as his father's, piled up enough casualties of its own in the new America. "Too many of my friends are insane or dead or Roman Catholic converts —and some of these among the most gifted; two have committed suicide." But he continues to work, probing into the American past, and also finding the time to write essays (like the long pieces on Turgenev and T. S. Eliot in the *New Yorker*) on literary subjects that happen to interest him and that he wants to explore for their own sweet sake. When he speaks out directly these days, giving us a piece of his mind, we can feel his relish at abandoning himself to the role of an old American crank who can express without qualification or fancy embroidery anything he damned well happens to feel like saying ("The word God is now archaic, and it ought to be dropped by those who do not need it for moral support").

He is *the* American, relegating himself willingly and proudly to the semi-posthumous position that he had protested against in 1943 when the Princeton Library asked him for a bibliography of his work. At that time he had said that the literary worker of the 20's seemed to the teachers of English and the young writers who grew up in the 30's "the distant inhabitant of another intellectual world" who belonged "to a professional group, now becoming extinct and a legend, in which the practice of letters was a common craft and the belief in its value a common motivation." Today, when the process has gone much further, Wilson—and the group of which he is the best and most impressive representative—seems more distant than ever, and the two possible ways of dealing with him, now as then, are apparently either to make him an object of veneration or to ignore him altogether. But these are not really the only alternatives. We can recognize the element of myth and simplification in his sense of America, in his Whiggish interpretation of the nation's history, and in his image of himself without thereby denying that what he stands for—faith in the importance of the things of the spirit and the responsibility that rests with writers and thinkers to maintain that faith—is the only principle on which, in the long run, civilization can be maintained, or by which intellectuals can be immunized against a sense of futility.

(This is the second installment of a two-part essay.)

MOVIES

Mr. Levin's Festival

HERBERT FEINSTEIN

THIS FALL San Francisco was host to a two-week-long International Film Festival—the first Western Hemisphere festival endorsed by the International Federation of Film Producers Associations. In a word that, for once, may be used with some precision, the festival was "un-American." Hungary won for the best picture (*House Under the Rocks*); a Yugoslav film (*The Road a Year Long*) had the best actor; and Poland got the prize for the best creative-experimental film (*Two Men and a Wardrobe*). Though twelve countries submitted fifteen feature films, Hollywood sent no feature film and, for that matter, no major screen personality.

The high tone of the festival was established by the engraved invitation to the "première performance" (grave accent and all) of Poland's *Eve Wants to Sleep*. The invitees were discreetly reminded to wear "Black Tie." Throughout the two weeks of the festival, four or five models from the Nancy Taylor School, adorned in cocktail dresses or ball gowns, were on hand in the lobby of the Metro Theatre in Pacific Heights to pass out brochures to the audience. Regality still prevailed in the final bid to the "gala Awards Night champagne ball" held in the rotunda of San Francisco's City Hall. Black tie by then had given way to white, with the caveat that "Decorations Will Be Worn." A few Good Conduct Ribbons *were* in evidence on the lapels of some gentry who had motored over the Golden Gate Bridge from Marin.

THE CHIEF FACTOTUM and driving force behind the festival is director Irving ("Bud") Levin, a San Francisco "character" and theater owner whose thin, mustached face is often seen peeking out of the society pages of that city's newspapers. San Francisco has been considering the possibility of a festival since the late 1940's, when film-maker Frank Stauffacher conceived the idea. In September, 1956, Levin supervised an

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Italian film festival in San Francisco at which *La Strada* had its premiere, and in April, 1957, a French festival brought to San Francisco director Jean Renoir and stars Micheline Presle, Gérard Philipe, and Jean Marais. In December, 1957, after three months of frenzied preparation, Levin offered the first "unofficial" International Film Festival, held at the Metro, a thousand-seat movie house that he owns. A few Hollywood personalities attended, notably Franchot Tone, who acted as master of ceremonies, and Shirley Temple Black, now a society matron on the Peninsula, who presented to the Indian consul the two prizes won by *Pather Panchali* as the best film with the best director. In February this year, Levin got official recognition from the international film producers' group in Paris, and this time he acted as his own M.C. Efforts to obtain the services of stars like Orson Welles and Marlene Dietrich proved futile.

The festival is designated "a civic non-profit organization sponsored by the San Francisco Art Commission dedicated to the art of the motion picture." But, according to Levin's public lamentations, the city contributed little in a material way to the festival. In 1957 Levin induced several Bay Area organizations to sponsor, i.e., buy blocks of seats, for individual nights. This time almost every night had at least one sponsor and a few nights had several. For instance, the evening on which the award-winning film from Hungary was shown, the Bennington Alumnae shared the house with the National Council of Jewish Women and the Planned Parenthood Association of San Francisco. The cheapest seat in the house for any showing was two dollars. The Little Jim Club of the Children's Hospital charged ten dollars a seat (again, black tie) for its night, which featured *A Cry from the Streets,* a grim British entry about the sad plight of some little wanderers of England who are redeemed through the loving aid of a kind social worker. However, the 1958 performances were better attended than 1957's, by the public if not by Hollywood.

The first week of showings was mainly a desert, and the judges, in many off-the-record comments, indicated there was not much to choose from. One suggested that the Italian entry *White Nights* (Maria Schell enduring a drama of Garboesque passion in the Venetian lower depths) would make a swell opera. Aside from the Indian *Aparajito* (a worthy sequel to *Pather Panchali*—director Satyajit Ray has the style of the early Rossellini, only better), and three prize-winning Iron Curtain entries which were pretty good, the films ranged from dreadful to fair. I imagine there was a five-way tie for the worst picture. In order of appearance these were Canada's *A Dangerous Age,* written, directed, and produced by the attending Sidney J. Furie, who is twenty-four and who has been "methodologized"; Germany's *El Hakim,* a color saga about the struggles of a poor Egyptian lad out to become a world-famous physician; Italy's *White Nights;* Britain's *The Wind Cannot Read,* some many-splendored junk about a wartime romance in India between a dashing British flight lieutenant and an ailing Japanese schoolmarm; and, finally, *Nobody's Child,* from Hong Kong, starring Shao Fang Fang, a child actress who is billed as "the Shirley Temple of the Far East."

JUST BEFORE the showing of the heavy Polish farce *Eve Wants to Sleep,* Levin rushed onstage the mayor of Warsaw and two Polish cabinet ministers. The mayor apologized for being out of uniform (no black tie), but he said he liked being whisked off from the airfield in true American style—by a sirened police escort. He and his entourage then shrewdly left without staying for the film. Levin, in a spirit of camaraderie, said the walkouts had seen the picture the week before at Loew's Warsaw.

THEATER

The Fly in the Ointment

MARYA MANNES

I SOMETIMES THINK that a critic enjoys an evening at the theater only insofar as he is made to forget his critical sense. By this measure, *Epitaph for George Dillon* was the only one of six productions I have seen lately that consistently afforded me this greatest of theatrical pleasures. It was the story, as most of John Osborne's have been, of a heel and his victims, smothered in a middle-class tea cozy; and whether the co-authorship of Anthony Creighton and the inspired acting of Robert Stephens and Eileen Herlie and Alison Leggatt were partly responsible, I was involved from beginning to end. The play closed within three weeks.

Elsewhere my critical demon was rampant, and in three plays I think the casting rather than the script kept it stirring. Jason Robards, Jr., is one of the very best actors we have, and in *The Disenchanted* he comes as close as anyone I have ever seen to making the agonies of a creative man who has lost his way not only credible but painful. Although little that Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit give him to say indicates the presence of a big talent, Robards manages to sustain the core of a good writer's integrity and dignity during the whole process of disintegration, and it is this dogged adherence that gives the play—as it gave Mr. Schulberg's novel—the value it has.

Yet I was troubled throughout by the haunting images of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, whom I knew at the height of their champagne glory and the beginning of her descent into chaos, and I could not shake off the discrepancy between Mr. Robards' doomed writer and Fitzgerald himself, or, for that matter, between Rosemary Harris and Zelda. This is far more than a matter of facial resemblance alone. It is because a man with Mr. Robards' particular physi-

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cal being could not have been the kind of man Fitzgerald was, and the superficial vanities and desires that weakened Scott would not have worn Robards' features or inhabited his frame.

The fault in Miss Harris's Zelda is not in her looks—Zelda too was small and wild and extremely pretty—but in the character Mr. Schulberg gave

her: that of a possessive, destructive, monstrously selfish bitch. Zelda Fitzgerald was not this: she was a lost woman, first mad with youth and love, then mad with success and drink, then mad. Scott's nightmare was far greater than that of Manley Halliday in *The Disenchanted*, who loved, and could not rid himself of, a bitch. He tried to maintain the one stable thing in himself, the writer's truth, in the face not only of his corroding vanities and the world's pressures but also of his wife's insanity.

Bare Feet Do Not a Peasant Make

Miscasting again, far more than script, disturbed me throughout the Denis Cannan-Pierre Bost adaptation of Graham Greene's novel *The Power and the Glory* at the Phoenix Theatre. I could not for one moment believe that Fritz Weaver was a Mexican priest torn between God and the drink that stilled his conscience. I saw instead a very intense young actor with his black hair brushed forward rather than back, slipping in and out of the dark shadows, black arches, and bright areas that constituted Mexico on the Phoenix stage, arduously projecting a studied concept of Mr. Greene's symbol. When there was enough light to see, moreover, I was embarrassed as I always am by the effect produced by Americans trying to be Mexicans or, for that matter, any people of foreign habits and accustomed poverty. Bare feet, brown paint, serapes, and sombreros cannot disguise the northern shapes and shuffles, and if I were a New York producer I would avoid peasant groups like the plague.

The only people I thoroughly believed in, in *The Power and the Glory* were the dentist, played with a wonderful weary negligence by Eric Berry, and the police lieutenant, whom Robert Geiringer made by far the most sympathetic character in the play. But Mr. Greene's serial struggle with the Church needs, I think, a different priest and a more "European" approach than the Phoenix gives it; and, in all senses, more light.

The Wrong Face

By far the most important of these plays, in aim, substance, and shape, is Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.*, a contemporary Book of Job. I know of no other American poet who could write this legend in such noble and flexible language or maintain, as he does much of the time, its purity and its dimensions. But the rest of the time my critical demon raised his head, and emotion withdrew from the stage.

I am inclined to place the onus more on the production than on the poet, for I found myself wishing fervently that I could hear the play (I missed it on radio some months ago) without seeing it.

This does not mean that the staging lacked ingenuity or effect, for Boris Aronson has made a darkly brooding cosmic circus of many levels and Elia Kazan has moved his actors across it with fluidity. But I do not think that the physical properties, whether they were the masks used by Raymond Massey as God or Christopher Plummer as the Devil, or the stools or the stairs or the ramps or the drops, were really of any help to what MacLeish had to say. And I am sure that Pat Hingle, as J.B., was a hindrance.

Let me make this clear: Mr. Hingle is a first-rate actor, who gives to this major part all the strength, skill, and devotion in him. It is a mighty assignment and his humility before it is apparent and moving. But through no fault of his own Mr. Hingle's is not a Biblical face even in modern terms, and his intonation, being strongly American, even less so. Worse, I kept seeing Mr. Hingle as "Gooper," the greedy brother and dreadful father of "no-neck" children in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. I saw him too as the extrovert salesman in *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*. Hingle fitted these parts like a glove, for although his character is mercifully different from theirs, the combination of his physical make-up and his actor's sensibility made him eminently right.

IN THE PART of J.B., his skill cannot overcome his external attributes. This is a classic role that demands a classic actor with the kind of diction only the classicists of theater possess: a diction able to give the fullest value and beauty to language, a voice capable of infinite modulation. And I trust I shall not be accused of a certain kind of snobbery when I say that the best English actors have it while the best Americans have not. Olivier or Richardson in the role of J.B., playing with Christopher Plummer—this is what I would wish for MacLeish's exalted poem.

Since *J.B.* is in one sense a lesson for Americans and was translated into a modern idiom on purpose, it is easy to see why Pat Hingle was

chosen for the part of the man who lost all and regained all, "enlightened with the light of the living." But the MacLeish poetry, at its best, is not American but universal. It must soar and thunder like the words in

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the Book of Job, which—when they are spoken in the air of the ANTA Theatre from a source unknown—literally do inspire awe. Issuing with a regional, homely accent from a face more at home at a Chicago convention, they conspire against illusion and awaken—as they did in me—the doubting sprite, the viewer sitting apart.

IN ELMER RICE'S *Cue for Passion* my critical sense was jabbed into constant wakefulness not by the casting, which was excellent, but by the writing. In Rice's modern California interpretation of the Hamlet legend, Diana Wynyard makes a lovely if rather Mayfairish Gertrude, and Lloyd Gough a thoroughly plausible new "king" and second spouse. But Rice has made his young Hamlet such an impossible fellow—so peevish, so ranting, in fact so bloody tiresome, that even John Kerr's exhaustingly brilliant playing of it makes you wonder why his mother doesn't scream, "Oh shut up, for God's sake!," or his stepfather clonk him over the head with the same bronze bust that did in the boy's father. True, in the end his stepfather's finger itches on the trigger and his mother sends him away, but in the meantime Mr. Rice has not endowed his Hamlet with any of the qualities of intellect or character that could make his condition a tragic one. Psychiatry is a dissipator of tragedy; and so is the kind of language Rice puts in the young man's mouth — sophomore-literary, heavy-sarcastic, and very, very wordy. If Shakespeare is to be deprived of poetry, Freud is no substitute.

AND THE LAST of these six productions, *Flower Drum Song*? Well, it is fashionably concerned with Asians, although the Chinese in San Francisco cannot be quite as quaint as Rodgers and Hammerstein make them: it is pretty to look at and pleasant to listen to; and it is very reminiscent, in a faded way, of Rodgers and Hammerstein. The critical sprite lay quiet all through, lulled into apathy. At the end it asked rather wistfully, "When artists are as successful as Rodgers and Hammerstein, could they not afford to stretch their wings a little, even if their flight be a short one?"

BOOKS

The German and the Novelist

ALFRED KAZIN

THE IRONIC GERMAN: A STUDY OF THOMAS MANN, by Erich Heller. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.*

I once saw Thomas Mann plain. It was in Hollywood, of all places; and of all things, it was at a wartime rally of "progressive" movie stars and "united front" scriptwriters. John Garfield was an usher, and I found myself sitting next to Thomas Mann. He told me how much he liked movies, and I soon discovered that the culture lovers who produced pictures at Paramount and M-G-M would solicitously send new films out to his house in Pacific Palisades. Tall, inexpressibly grave yet unmistakably arch, he hid his thoughts behind his well-known disguise: the German professor. The contrast with himself and the scene in hand was delicious. The businessmen who made movies all talked like intellectuals and even tried to look like intellectuals, but the author of *Buddenbrooks, Death in Venice, The Magic Mountain*, and how many other lightly daemonic works of creative intelligence looked like a highly patrician bourgeois or the scholarly chief of the German General Staff—anything, that is to say, but a "writer."

This contrast between the conservative social self and a mind so complex that his real opinions were always elusive—this was Thomas Mann's situation, his strategy in human relations as well as in his books, and often enough the very theme of his novels, which in one guise or another are concerned with "ordinary," bourgeois, conservative men rising to the challenge of an utterly unsettling and unpredictable universe. Mann, the creative peer and contemporary of great experimental novelists like Proust and Joyce, is easier to read but actually harder to grasp through the external conventionality of his form and the heavy load of German philosophic apparatus. He is so continuously double-sided, so "safe" in manner and so subversive within, so much the pompous German pedant in his literary manner and in his substance so representative of his aesthetic, nihilist, decadent generation, that it is almost impossible to do justice to the range and elusiveness of his mind. Either one makes too much of only one side of him or one imitates his own tiresome Olympian irony, the suavely self-protective use to which he put his doubleness by effectively concealing his real opinions.

PERHAPS NO ONE but a European critic could do full justice to the complexity and genial deceitfulness of Thomas Mann's mind. American

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critics have often written acutely about him, but without full awareness of his marvelous imposture, his self-referring irony. Yet even European intellectuals, writing out of the full emotional vibration of what modern Germany has meant and done to the world, have either celebrated in Mann the conservative German decencies that Hitler hated or attacked in him the German pretentiousness that Hitler served. It is hard to see the many sides of Mann without taking sides, and Erich Heller's book, which brilliantly does the first, should interest American readers not only for its passionate defense of Mann but also because its intelligence, its emotion, and its learning represent unforgettably the debate of a cultivated European mind with itself.

ERICH HELLER, now a professor of German in Wales, comes from Kafka's country—the German-speaking minority in old Bohemia who once were Austro-Hungarian, then Czechoslovakian, then German, and who have lived inside such a maze of national contradictions, have seen so many artificial political constructions destroyed, that the German language and the German intellectual tradition have come to seem their only real fatherland. "The background to my writing," Heller has said, "is the political and cultural catastrophes of this century, and my attachment to the things overtaken by them. My aims: to preserve the memory of the things I love, to be truthful to them. . . ." His first book in English, a masterly study of German literary thought, was significantly titled *The Disinherited Mind;* his second, *The Hazard of Modern Poetry;* a key chapter in this book on Thomas Mann is called "The Conservative Imagination." Heller is a traditionalist first because he is a literary scholar and critic, with a deep and urgent sense of the norm to which contemporary works are to be joined or compared; it is probably impossible to be a literary scholar at all—concerned with the development of literary forms, with the analogy between books—without a deep sense of tradition. But Heller is not a conservative in the native, deeply rooted sense in which Thomas Mann seems to him to be one; Heller is a writer who feels himself "disinherited," exposed to "hazard," looking for "order." And it is precisely this urgency, the civilized but remarkably intense commitment to "order"—which, he once wrote, "is neither behind us nor before us. It is, or it is not"—that gives his writings their extraordinary web of cultural detail, their moving quality of invocation, and above all, remarkably so for a man writing in an adopted language, their pith and style.

THE BEST SIDE of Heller's writing is the fact that he recalls the essentially philosophical nature of literary criticism when it is not shop talk written by poets, dramatists, and novelists. Literary criticism is technical only when it illuminates a technique that one practices oneself; nobody can "explain" what makes a book good, or even what a book wholly is, least of all if he cannot write a book like it. A critic like Heller not only makes no pretensions to that phony *explication de texte* which has fooled so many half-literate American undergraduates into thinking that talk about "metaphors" gets into a "work of art," but, standing his own ground, he shows us that criticism is essentially speculative discourse concerned with ideas and values of life. The better the critic, the more he will contribute to our understanding of life in general; but he must do this in the critic's own way, solidly commenting on the text before him.

As a reader of Mann's works, Heller is superb. Anyone who appreciates criticism for the passionate intelligence it can display, who recognizes it as a classic form of literary activity, will derive great pleasure from this book. In its learning, its wit, its steadiness and ease of tone, in the gaiety and sharpness of its critical asides, it is not only exciting but, as only really seasoned and disciplined European writers can be, truly satisfying, for it stems from a European awareness of the difficulty and the tragedy—but also the satisfaction—of life when it is interpreted by the intelligence. Yet because Heller's book is written from so strong a personal emphasis on the importance of tradition, it seems to me to overvalue the externally "bourgeois," conventional *form* of Mann's thought over that purely mischievous and artistic side of him which represents the intelligence of Thomas Mann the novelist, not Thomas Mann the German thinker.

This is a book on a novelist that has nothing to say about the novel as a general form. Heller has much to tell us about Mann's relationship to Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Wagner, *et al.,* but nothing about the lack of his relationship to Joyce, Proust, Lawrence. After all, Mann interests us in the outside world because he was *not* simply another heavy German thinker but a superb novelist and storyteller. There have been so few writers in Germany wholly committed to the novel that Mann's genius in this form, though it can be demonstrably related to the dramatic side of Nietzsche or the literary side of Wagner, surely asks for some further explanation in itself. The "conventional" side of Mann's outward manner as a novelist (which he himself, no less than Dr. Heller, opposed to the great iconoclasts and experimentalists like Joyce) may be due simply to the lack of the novelistic tradition in German literature. Just as Kafka writes novels with the chilling simplicity of a man who has none to imitate, so Mann writes them with the ponderous complexity of a man imitating every literary form except the novel.

MANN'S INDEBTEDNESS to German philosophers and composers is indeed the story within the story of his life. To anyone brought up outside this German literary tradition, the fascination of Thomas Mann's career, ending in a whole series of extraordinary novels, is as complete as the sensation of being outside it. Just as German poets and composers seem to have more in common than, say, Beethoven has with Rossini, so in reading Heller's book our sense of this German tradition makes us feel that we are witnessing a cultural phenomenon that is not only complete in itself but which, in its union of philosophy and art, of religion and style, seems constantly to ache for the projection of its completed image.

Erich Heller's literary criticism is deeply grounded in the German tradition, even to the characteristic of being most deeply critical of it;

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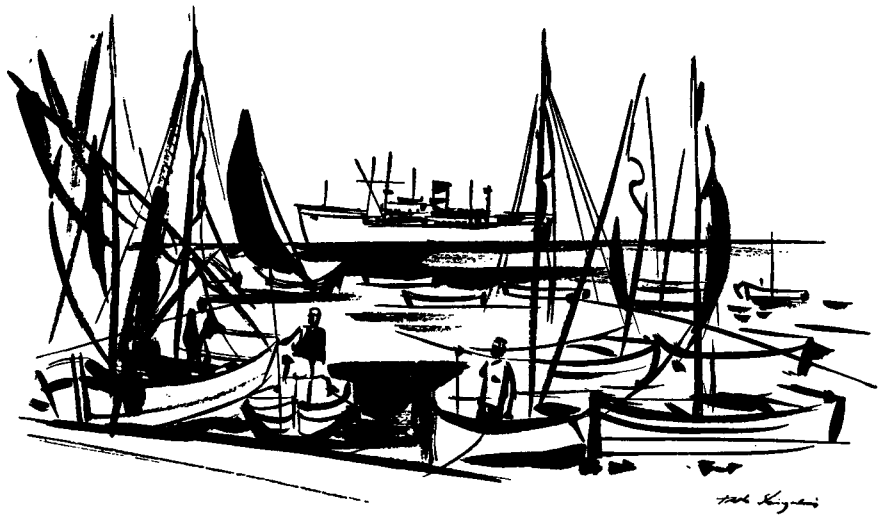
he seems constantly to yearn for a world that no longer is, for "order" to be restored to a world that long ago lost it. This particular emphasis in Heller's work is not so very different from what one finds in German philosophy, music, criticism, and even fiction. In the German tradition, he seems to yearn for philosophical absolutes, he longs for "sense" to be restored to the world, though he bases himself entirely on a cultural (not a religious) tradition which is already full of the particular German sense of self-contradiction and inner conflict. In Heller's work there is a constant effort to reach beyond the "chaos" of modern literature to what, in the German tradition, is itself nothing but the felt "chaos" of modern thought, modern Germany. Perhaps it is this longing for an explicit spiritual solution, which reminds one of the entreaty in the last quartets of Beethoven and the last poems of Rilke, that explains why intellectuals in the German tradition find it difficult to take the novel seriously as a form in itself. For the genius of this form is precisely that it works against the explicit solution and even the "spiritual," when it is hugged too tightly.

MY OBJECTION is not that Heller wishes so urgently to make sense of the world, to return to a spiritual order, but that he may possibly exaggerate Thomas Mann's own desire to do so. I have the impression that Mann, more solidly rooted in the nineteenth century and the old bourgeois way of life, may have been concerned with the mundane side of life more than is Erich Heller, who attributes to Mann a religious quest that tells more about Heller than about Mann. The fact is that Mann's famous "irony" is not only a matter of eating one's cake and of having it too—from the plaudits of Hollywood producers in 1944 to those of East Germany in 1954—but it is typical of the kind of solid taste for the details of life from which one writes *novels*. There is a degree of spiritual urgency that novelists need not make explicit. In the same way, Germany as a country meant literal and material things to Thomas Mann that the literary tradition of the German language cannot mean to Erich Heller in Wales.



Steel Mills and Sacred Cows

WILLIAM LETWIN

THE STRUGGLE FOR A HIGHER STANDARD OF LIVING: THE PROBLEM OF THE UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES, by W. Brand. *Free Press. $7.50.*

FOREIGN AID REEXAMINED, edited by James W. Wiggins and Helmut Schoeck. *Public Affairs Press. $5.*

The greatest mystery about the problem of underdeveloped countries is why it should have become so great a mystery. It is a very old, obvious, and simple problem: the so-called "underdeveloped" countries are poor; that is to say, the average income of individuals is very much lower in Burma, Yemen, and Liberia than in the United States or Sweden. The basic cause of this poverty may also be explained in fairly ordinary and simple terms. This has been done by Professor Brand of the University of Leyden, who spent ten years after the war on the secretariat of the United Nations.

No economist can quarrel with his straightforward analysis of the causes and cures of poverty: the sources of income are land, labor, capital, and leadership; a country that has little of these resources, or poor ones, or does not use them efficiently, is relatively poor; it becomes less poor as it learns how better to use its resources or acquires more of them. Professor Brand tells us also that there are two kinds of aid for underdeveloped nations. The chief means, and a relatively cheap one, is technical assistance and, more generally, education, which can help people to use their resources more effectively. In the second type of aid, other nations can lend or give the underdeveloped lands additional resources, particularly capital and management techniques, in the form of entrepreneurial skills. The second method is a more costly but possibly speedier way of making poor countries richer.

Professor Brand does not assert that either method can produce changes overnight, but he gives ample evidence that they help somewhat, and that there is no other cure, and especially no miraculous one. He points out exceedingly complex questions of detail about which experts disagree. To take only one example among the many surveyed, there has been much debate about whether backward countries should promote small or large-scale industry. Some economists support the former on the ground that people who are not familiar with large factories will work better and more willingly in small household manufacture; others urge the latter because, they say, only production on a large scale is efficient enough to survive the competition of more advanced economies. There are a great many other refinements in the views Professor Brand presents that are debatable and would necessarily be oversimplified by any summary, but the broad framework of the

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analysis is as unassailable as the statement that health consists in the proper functioning of the body.

WHY THEN has the problem of underdeveloped areas come to seem so novel and frustrating? The chief reason has been the political context within which we have placed the problem. We have for long assumed that poverty leads to Communism, and deduced that by helping underdeveloped nations to overcome poverty we would bring them into willing alliance with the West. This implied that the problem ought to be solved very quickly, since we need allies now, not merely in the distant future. But it turned out that poverty would not disappear in short order; the underdeveloped areas of 1946 are still underdeveloped twelve years and a hundred billion dollars later. What is worse, although the average incomes in all backward areas have risen more or less substantially since the war, those improvements have not surrounded us with throngs of friends.

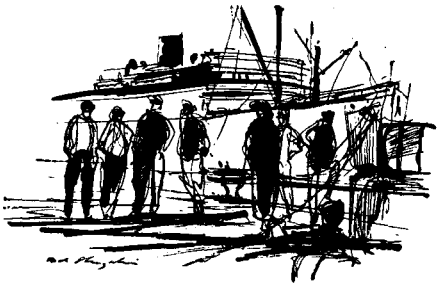
The whole Arab bloc is further from the western orbit than ever; the uncommitted Asian powers become more and more neutral; in Africa, national progress and independence go hand in hand with disengagement from the West; and South American nations are so immersed in political instability that their value as allies is small at best.

Our foreign-aid program, therefore, has failed to bring about either universal prosperity, solid diplomatic unity, or greatly increased political stability. The theory that rising income necessarily means an increasing devotion to democracy, virtue, or even peace has been thoroughly exploded by the history of the past decade. It has become clear that the only reasonable grounds for persisting in the foreign-aid policy are either disinterested benevolence (this is probably the strongest argument, though least frequently used) or a calculated exchange of favors (our economic aid in return for diplomatic support from others) or some deliberate combination of the two.

Whatever solution we may choose to adopt, we ought at least to face the problem clearly, and the first step toward this is to abandon the word "underdeveloped." It comes from a false theory of economic progress and leads to false conclusions. The assumption it rests on is that each country passes through an economic infancy, arrives at maturity, and then totters into senility—or "stagnation" as some economists with an imperfect sense of metaphor have labeled it. This theory was in greatest vogue during the 1930's, when it was usual to explain that the depression resulted from "overripeness" of the American economy and could be overcome only if the government began to play a much greater positive role in economic life. The theory was largely discredited by the postwar boom, which showed that the American economy was anything but stagnant. But some proponents of the theory have never relinquished it; John Kenneth Galbraith has recently slipped a bit of it back into polite conversation in the guise of the "saturated demand" of an "affluent society"; it has lingered on uninterruptedly in the form of "underdeveloped nations."

Among the false conclusions to which it leads is the idea that national economies, like human beings, all grow according to the same pattern. This notion reinforces the wholly false belief spread by Marx, Veblen, and other popular anthropologists that there is a natural line of development from a pastoral stage, through farming, to the "modern" economy, and that the culmination of economic progress is heavy industry. It is because of this belief that every backward nation thinks it will have come close to reaching economic maturity as soon as it has a steel mill of its own.

THE VERY IDEA that there are "underdeveloped" countries is now at last under concerted attack. Every participant in a recent symposium at Emory University has pointed out



major defects in and around the concept, as well as in the presuppositions of our foreign-aid policy in general. The editors of the papers presented there, James Wiggins and Helmut Schoeck, urge that the term "underdeveloped" be discarded, because it has become a mere rhetorical device for implying that the United States, being "overdeveloped," owes a living to the "underdeveloped" countries "at some median level of international equality.'"

In a paper entitled "Semantic Traps," Alfred G. Smith, an Emory anthropologist, points out that "underdeveloped" shares the analytic faults of the term "primitive" people, because it creates the impression that economic growth is "merely a matter of degree." Professor Gottfried Haberler of Harvard briefly and brilliantly identifies other defects of the notion as an analytic device: a country may be rich but not developed, like Saudi Arabia; a country may be developed but not industrialized, like New Zealand; a country without natural resources may be highly developed—Switzerland is a case in point. In short, the term and the theory that underlies it simply jumble together facts and objectives that any reasonable policy should keep distinct.

The process of economic "development" necessarily involves profound changes in every branch of life and in the organization of communities. Even the Russians, who had recourse to highhanded methods, found that national cultures did not yield as readily as they hoped to the imposition of a new "form" on the old "content"; a civilization is not merely an incidental embellishment of an economic organization, but rather the soil in which economic life must grow.

IN FACT, one of the fundamental reasons why economic growth is so slow a process is that many peoples do not really want it very badly, or in any event want other things much more. They prefer sacred cows to prime beef, refrigerators, and motor scooters. The problem of poverty is far too complex to be summarized by a single simple-minded notion of growth, and far too important to be obscured by meaningless polysyllables.

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Marking Time in Warsaw

DANIEL SCHORR

A CASE HISTORY OF HOPE: THE STORY OF POLAND'S PEACEFUL REVOLUTION, by Flora Lewis. *Doubleday. $3.95.*

WARSAW

This review of Flora Lewis's sensitive, tautly written inside history of contemporary Poland appears several weeks after the publication date of the book. The reason is not my indolence but a decision to avail myself of an opportunity to check the facts and conclusions here in Poland itself. Unfortunately, several Poles to whom copies were sent at the author's suggestion did not receive them. This may in itself be a comment on the changes in Poland since the heady days of October, 1956.

Still, this much can be reported: to Poles in a position to know, either from participation or firsthand observation, this is a recognizable portrait of their times. It is all there as they lived it—the depths of despair in Stalin's time, the cracking of the rigid mold, the exhilarating smell of freedom, the extravagant hopes for some new and more humane form of socialism, the ardent symbol of October, and then the disappointment and disillusionment that followed—the partial restoration of arbitrariness and conformity under relentless Soviet pressure and the doubts and fears of the reformers about the future.

No one has written a more intimate account of the postwar developments in a Communist-ruled country. Miss Lewis and her husband, Sydney Gruson, a correspondent of the New York *Times*, had an unparalleled opportunity because, as Miss Lewis put it, "It is possible in Poland as nowhere else to learn what takes place behind the usually massive, soundproofed walls of a Communist régime." It is true that Polish Communists are more communicative, more frank, more open than any in eastern Europe. But it must also be said that the Grusons brought with them a perceptiveness, a sympathy for this tortured country, and an ability to inspire confidence among those they met that cast them in an almost unique role as historians of this era.

Miss Lewis is in a position to report, in detail, the debates in the Communist Party Central Committee. She gives a well-documented account of Nikita Khrushchev's arrival at the Warsaw airport in October, 1956, in an effort to block Wladyslaw Gomulka's return to power. She has pieced together a graphic story of the tumultuous events that followed. As journalism, it is astounding. As a contribution to an understanding of how relations between the Kremlin and the satellites are conducted, it is invaluable.

MISS LEWIS has chosen to focus her history on a series of milestones, for purposes of organization and dramatization: the defection of secret-police official Joseph Swiatlo, in 1953, which contributed to the breakup of police power; the Warsaw Youth Festival in 1955, which "contributed to the growth of a new atmosphere" among Polish youth; the bitter "Poem for Adults" by the onetime Stalinist Adam Wazyk shortly afterward, which "opened the revolt of the intellectuals"; the Khrushchev attack on Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress in February, 1956, which started to tumble "monuments of power"; the Poznan strike in June, which turned the split in Polish Communist ranks into a chasm; the return of Gomulka and the crisis of October.

Of her history Miss Lewis is sure. In discussing the meaning and what is to come she is on less firm ground. The lesson she draws is that "there does seem to be a way for the subjects of the Communist state to improve their lot and to restore friendly relations with the West without cataclysmic violence." But Miss Lewis herself is not certain of the durability of these changes. She draws the conclusion that "the appetite for freedom grows with small satisfactions and cannot be stilled unless it is either fully sated or totally starved." In the Poland of today the appetite for freedom is far from sated, but neither is it totally starved. She asserts that Poland's experience has shown "there is at least a possibility for freedom to spread throughout the world without bloodshed." But to Polish intellectuals today that hopeful statement has a dubious ring.

The title of the book is in a sense misleading, for the Polish experiment may yet turn out to be a case history of frustrated hope. The voices of the reformers and the unorthodox are being stilled in a current drive against "revisionism." Gomulka is drawing closer to the Kremlin. His apologists say he is only paying the price of public conformity to buy a free hand at home. The Roman Catholic Church is still relatively free in Poland; despite the fears of some, Gomulka's recent trip to Moscow has not been followed by any new repressive measures at home. No effort is being made to force peasants back into farm collectives.

POLAND is today half free, and no one is sure which way it will go. This is a singularly difficult time to make predictions. And Miss Lewis, though trying to make a case for hope, is honest enough to recognize the uncertainties of a country which, in her words, clings "to a kind of plateau, far above the dark past, far below the hopes for the future."

She concludes, "The next few years will be decisive, for the country cannot long stand still and must either resume its march ahead or fall back under tyranny, when all the struggle will have to begin once more from the beginning." To one more recently in Poland, the future is even vaguer. There is also the possibility that Poland *will* stand still, neither marching ahead nor sinking back into the abyss. For it does not seem true that the urge for freedom must either be sated or finally starved. Apparently freedom can also be rationed, and this is what is happening in Poland today.

But whether Poland moves backward or forward or stands still, its future will be illumined by Miss Lewis's splendid account of the recent past.

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The Burden of Leisure

NATHAN GLAZER

MASS LEISURE, edited by Eric Larrabee and Rolf Meyersohn. *Free Press. $6.50.*

The conscientious reviewer of this anthology cannot help feeling that he is being asked to sketch out the long essay that the compilers should have tried to write to begin with. It is a very good anthology as anthologies go, but in the end it leaves it to the reader to sort out a mass of confusing and contradictory impressions, facts, arguments, and fears.

Is it really true, one would like to know, that (as one contributor tells us) "throughout antiquity and the middle ages the normal number of holidays during the year was about 115," or that (as we read elsewhere) "under the laws of the old régime the church guaranteed the laborer ninety rest days, fifty-two Sundays and thirty-eight holidays during which he was strictly forbidden to work"? Or are we rather to believe, with Bertrand Russell and many other contributors to this volume, that throughout history most men have had to work unremittingly to earn enough to keep alive? This is a matter of no small importance, but there is no discussion by the editors and no contribution on leisure in the ancient or medieval world or in pre-industrial society to help us out.

THE WORK of the sociologists, too, is left in undigested form. We have the usual collection of articles using different techniques, different samples, and different tests, trying to say something about who does what with how much leisure—partly supporting and partly contradicting one another, but all ignoring each other. Again, the editors steer clear of the whole matter and leave it to the reader to decide what are the patterns of leisure in America from the mixed bag of studies—if, indeed, any conclusions at all can be reached from the evidence. Nor do the editors seem to have reviewed their contributors to make sure they had not been cribbing from each other.

But since the problem has been left to us—with the help, it is true, of a stimulating collection of scholarly material—what are we to make of it? In the United States, western Europe, Australia, and New Zealand, there has been a steady decrease in the working hours of the laboring classes, urban and rural, for a half century at least. (It is somewhat less clear whether there has been anything like the same decrease in the working hours of the middle classes—certainly there has been little decline in the hours worked by, say, doctors and higher civil servants in this period, and perhaps relatively little decline in the hours worked by the self-employed.) Even with a fifth or more of the national product going into national defense, there seems to be little question that the amount of nonworking time will continue to increase. And if one envisages certain rational but unlikely changes in society (for example, the abandonment of the annual model change for American automobiles and other durable goods), it might be possible to reduce working hours, without any decline in living standards, to about twenty a week.

At one time this was considered a problem only by conservatives. What were the working classes to do with all this free time? Would they not abandon themselves to vice and sloth, forget how to do a hard day's work? There are not many conservative contributors to the present volume. This is now a matter that concerns liberals and radicals, or those who once were liberals and radicals. Some of them were cruelly disappointed by the failure of the working classes to make use of their time to improve themselves and develop the cultural and intellectual tastes of the best members of the leisure classes of earlier periods. Others, who rather more imaginatively had hoped to see the growth of a new fresh working-class culture, were disappointed too. For instead there developed commercialized forms of leisure-time activities that, by any traditional cultural standards, were vulgar, unrewarding, even harmful.

And, while one might take the point of view that it is no one's business what one does with one's free time (a very contemporary point of view), it was nevertheless widely thought that a change in social arrangements—such as the reduction in the working day—would lead to the creation of a society in which workers and others would be better, and not simply better off. They would be whole, complete, and harmonious individuals, or would approximate this condition. But the amount of change in this direction that has accompanied the reduction of the workweek to forty hours does not seem to have made many social critics happy. (Actually, there has been a good deal of change for the better, too, but not as much as utopian expectations led people to hope for.)

The last conference referred to in this book that dealt with the problem of leisure time of workers was called by Walter Reuther. It is now the thoughtful labor leader, rather than the utopian dreamer, who is concerned with what the worker is to do with his leisure; while the thoughful employer of labor might well be willing to forget the whole thing at this point, for it seems that if anything is to be done to radically change the approach to leisure, it will have to be done by radically changing the approach to work.

THE TWO ARTICLES in this book that suggest the most rounded and thoughtful view of the problem are those of Clement Greenberg and David Riesman, and in both the consideration of leisure leads back directly to modern work. It seems that this great accession of free time comes at a point in history when work itself has undergone a great transformation. (Indeed, it is because of this transformation that we have the leisure.) Work has been lifted completely out of the realm of traditional controls, and has become "rationalized." As against the work of the past, it changes constantly, because it is no longer governed by moral and religious and customary rules, but is rather almost entirely governed by rational and scientific considerations—how to produce the most for the least effort, or the least expenditure of scarce resources.

It is hard for us to realize how

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new and unique a situation this is. We tend to extrapolate the recent past into the distant past. Seeing the poverty of pre-industrial peoples and earlier periods, and considering how hard we would work to overcome such circumstances, we assume that they held the same attitude to work that we do, and therefore they must have led lives of unremitting toil. But this whole notion of work as dynamic, as changing the world and one's personal circumstances, as "useful," is itself new—and itself creates the problem of what to do with our leisure.

Thus, the Chinese sociologist Hsiao-Tung Fei describes a village in Yunnan in 1938, neither the richest nor the poorest in China, in which no one worked more than nine hours a day, even at a time when the need for labor for harvesting was greatest, where the seven- or eight-hour workday was more normal, where *one-third* of the adult males did no work at all, living on the returns of their two- or three-acre "estates." Even in impoverished, land-poor China, leisure was far more widespread than in wealthy nineteenth-century Europe and America—as it may have been in medieval Europe and perhaps, too, in the ancient world. How did this come about? Because in part there was nothing "useful" that could be done with more labor—no more land to exploit, no market to send the product to if it were exploited, no means of transportation to bring in the luxuries that one might have bought if one had worked harder. But in part also because there was a traditional view of the proper standard of living for a well-to-do peasant in this village, and traditional views as to how hard the landless and poor should work. Everyone knew what a day's work should be, how much should be accomplished by it, and no one thought of going outside the system.

But if work is freed from tradition, leisure must follow. Men had long known what to do with their working time, and what to do with their free time—indeed, what was to be done with one's "free time" was so clear that the term was not quite appropriate. There were religious observances, the fixed feasts and festivals, the few pursuits traditionally available for the truly leisured. And now we see more clearly what the problem is. If work was rationalized, was freed from traditional and religious controls, so too was leisure. There was no way of having one part of one's life governed by rational and scientific considerations—subject to analysis and calculation for greater return and profit—and having another part governed by traditional rules, in which analysis and calculation played no role. When we emerged from the nineteenth-century nightmare of hard work, there was no longer any existing satisfying pattern of leisure. The rational world of work had also destroyed it. And all sorts of aberrations arose to fill up the new free time. People tried to apply rational and scientific considerations to leisure: we should prepare ourselves in our free time to work better, or restore ourselves to work better. Then entrepreneurs from the rational and scientific world of work saw opportunities for profit and began to supply all sorts of goods and services and activities for the new leisure market. Despite all this, people succumbed to boredom and emptiness, and were happy to escape back to work—even if unhappy at work.

Those who were best off were those whose work had changed least—scholars and writers and artists and doctors and artisans (if any were left), all those whose work could not become easily "rationalized," even though they dealt professionally with reason and science, who thus had a good deal of control over their work, and who continued in a different world the same relationship to work that had existed for millennia.

When Marx thought of man under socialism in the ideal state, what he seemed to have in mind was a poet. The leisure time of poets has never been a problem—the only problem for them is how to keep alive (as it was for the peasants of medieval Europe). I think the heart of the matter is there. Perhaps when work as we now understand it is a matter of no consequence, when it takes up little of our time and thought, when it is really only the way we keep alive—perhaps then the problem of our leisure can be solved. Then our leisure can become our work, in the sense that it will be the thing we take seriously and impose on ourselves, rather than the thing that someone else imposes on us.

RECORDS

A Gypsy's Guitar

NAT HENTOFF

Spanish gypsy Carlos Montoya first came to America in 1933, a flamenco guitarist in the troupe of the dancer Teresina. "At that time," Montoya recalls, "the first reaction to flamenco in most Americans I met was to ask what it was." In the next twenty-five years, Americans came to learn more—not all of it authentic—about flamenco dancing and singing as an increasing number of companies headed by dancers like Argentinita and Carmen Amaya toured the country. The flamenco singers, however, have never become as widely known as the ferocious dancers; and until recently, the guitarists—except to *aficionados*—seemed to be a relatively unimportant part of the background.

Montoya and the long-playing record have been the two major factors in the considerable rise of interest in flamenco generally and the flamenco guitar specifically during the past few years. During this LP decade, more hitherto "esoteric" music has been made available monthly than most collectors of 78-r.p.m. records would have hoped to see in years. Part of the bounty has been flamenco. At the latest count, there are seventy-nine flamenco albums in the catalogues, twelve of them—the largest

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When the travel editor of the Christian Science Monitor saw a copy of "Travel Routes Around the World," he wrote: Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its contents. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space to passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de-luxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

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It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

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Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel, the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses. Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sports clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise, or a leisurely four-month round the world voyage.

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number produced by any one artist —Montoya's.

Montoya was ready for LP. In 1945, he became the first player in history to give concerts of solo flamenco guitar. There had certainly been virtuoso improvisers before him—among the most celebrated had been his Uncle Ramón—but no one had thought it possible that an audience could be satisfied for an evening by flamenco guitar alone. Montoya has since been filling concert halls throughout the world. He is currently on another American tour, and he will visit the Far East in March.

A characteristic Montoya gathering was described recently in the New York *Herald Tribune* by composer-critic William Flanagan: "As a music reviewer who attends countless concert events in the course of a season, this writer can testify to the fact that few artists, if any, attract an audience so rapt, so responsive to every musical inflection, so obviously satisfied, it would seem, by the simple good luck that makes attendance possible." Harold Schonberg wrote in the New York *Times:* "It is said that Mr. Montoya does not know how to read music. But he has something more important. He makes music."

Andalusian Blues

What Montoya creates is based on unwritten family, national, and especially—he is convinced—gypsy traditions. "Others," he explains earnestly, "can learn the techniques, but only the gypsy can play with this," and he points vigorously to his heart. The roots of flamenco, however, antedate the gypsy. There are several theories concerning the origins of this music and the relative importance of its various sources; but there is no doubt that flamenco is based on the folk music of Andalusia, the provinces of southern Spain. The pre-gypsy sources of Andalusian music include Byzantine, Moorish, and Hebraic elements. The gypsies arrived in Spain in the fifteenth century, and many eventually settled in Andalusia.

The gypsies were attracted to the music of southern Spain, particularly the *cante hondo* ("deep song"), and added contributions of their own. The venerable flamenco dancer Vicente Escudero is convinced that the Indian origins of the gypsies themselves is strongly evident in flamenco. In his notes for the album *Flamenco!* (Columbia CL 982), Escudero writes: "In the Andalusian villages they already sang with an oriental accent and it is easy to think that the two styles were made into one, the Arabic, inherited from the Spanish tradition, and that of the gypsies who came from India."

The gypsies intensified, dramatized, and helped preserve the Andalusian music until they became the most authoritative interpreters of the idiom, to the point that wealthy Andalusians began hiring gypsies to play and sing flamenco at their parties. What is currently termed flamenco began to develop as a professional theatrical folk form in the nineteenth century. Like the American blues, flamenco, as the British monthly *Recorded Folk Music* recently pointed out, "came in for bitter attacks on the grounds that it was the music of prisons and brothels. Like the blues, it was carried far outside its place of origin by travelling artists and by the northward migration of poor folk seeking work. In its present forms, as regularized and elaborated by professional performers (or in imitation of them), flamenco is not as much folk music as a minstrel music."

The jaggedly emotional forms of flamenco are divided into *cante hondo* (or *cante grande*) and *cante chico* (or *cante flamenco*). *Cante hondo* deals with elemental themes of birth, love, sorrow, death. From this older, more somber approach, the gypsies later developed lighter, gayer modern forms; these are *cante chico* ("little song"). The word "flamenco" itself is sometimes used, then, as a synonym for *cante chico* and sometimes to describe, as in this article, all Andalusian-based folk music. Its etymology is in even more dispute than the origins of the music. To Montoya and other gypsies, however, the definition is simple. "Flamenco means gypsy," he says. "In common speech, the terms are interchangeable." (Illuminating introductory albums with helpful notes are *Spain: Flamenco Music of Andalusia,* Folkways P 437; *An Anthology of Cante Flamenco,* London Ducretet-Thomson, TKL 93094/5/6; *An Introduction to Flamenco,* Capitol T10012; and, from Alan Lomax's *Songs and Dances of Spain* series, Westminster WF 12001, 12003, 12005).

Lomax has listed the characteristics of the main body of flamenco music: "First, it always is sung solo, in a high-pitched reedy, strident voice, which sometimes makes it hard for the uninitiated to distinguish between a male and a female singer. It is pervaded by complex and subtle rhythms . . . and . . . is frequently polyrhythmic, as between guitar, hands, castanets, and voice. The melodies are highly ornamented, the excellence of the singer being in part determined by his use of vocal decoration."

'Until My Fingers Bled'

The challenge to the solo flamenco guitarist is not only to fully exploit the resources of his instrument but also to suggest the presence of the voice and the dancers. In addition to his remarkable technique and the intensity of his feeling, Montoya possesses—and can project—a vivid pictorial imagination. In his solos, the singer can almost be heard and seen as Montoya simultaneously plays melody and accompaniment. But he can do more, as in his version of the *saeta* (*Montoya,* ABC-Paramount ABC-202). The *saeta* ("arrow of song") is heard during the Easter procession through the streets of Seville. Leading the marchers and the military band is a statue of the Virgin, and people in the crowd are often moved to sing a *saeta,* a form of *cante hondo.* The procession stops during the song. In Montoya's solo, he draws a street of sounds from his guitar, beginning with the rattle of the drums, stopping to "sing" the *saeta,* and ending with the resumption of the procession.

It seems likely that centuries ago the *cante hondo* was sung without accompaniment, as it still is sometimes, but in time the guitar became the essential accompanying instrument. As vital as the guitarist was in the interplay between dancer, singer,

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and himself, it has only been within the past fifty or sixty years, Montoya estimates, that guitar solos evolved as part of the performances; and it took Montoya to make the flamenco guitar into a solo instrument for an entire performance.

Now in his early fifties, Montoya began to play at eight, learning first from his mother. He studied for two or three years with Pepe el Barbero, but Pepe finally told the boy he could teach him no more. Montoya's famous uncle, Ramón, would not teach him because he was engaged in grooming his own son for flamenco.

In the next years, Montoya learned by experience, especially by watching and listening to the dancers and singers. From the dancers he learned the rhythms; from the singers the changes of key and the chords. From both he learned the repertoire. At fourteen he was playing in a *café cantante*, one of a troupe hired by the owner to attract trade. He made about a dollar a day, and spent much of it buying wine for the singers and dancers in the hope they would teach him in return. "I would play maybe sixty, seventy, a hundred times a night until my fingers bled, and it is there I learned."

He continued to play in the cafés during his teens while working days in a post office and a courthouse. His three years of military service in Spanish Morocco were occasionally lightened by the informal concerts he gave between maneuvers against the Moors. Soon after, he began to travel throughout the world, first with La Argentina, later with Vicente Escudero, Teresina, Argentinita, and others. He married Sally MacLean, a New York girl of Scottish background, in 1940, and became an American citizen that year. Mrs. Montoya dances under the name of Trianita. The Montoyas have two sons, only one of whom has shown any interest in flamenco, and even he, his mother feels, does not have the call.

MONTOYA's difficulties with English make him rather reserved in conversation, except among friends, until flamenco is discussed. To make or break a point, he often finds it necessary to sweep up his guitar and play what he means. "Carlos is a different man with the guitar," his wife notes. "When we were first married, I was rather jealous of that guitar."

Montoya is proud of the fact that he plays what he terms the older flamenco and simply "enlarges" on it. He believes that much of what now passes for flamenco in theaters and concerts has been vulgarized and exaggerated. "It is even true in Spain," he says. "Everything is done too fast without the real shading and character. Certainly flamenco should be very rhythmic, but that does not necessarily mean fast. I never go to see flamenco dancers now in America —except for Carmen Amaya—and in Spain I make a party and ask those I like to come."

Segovia Wondered

"Good flamenco," Montoya emphasizes, "is more serious than outsiders realize. It is very deep music, very fundamental. It is not intellectual; it is what we feel. It is not folklore because it cannot be played by all the people but only by a small number. You can put some of it down on paper, but not all. Some vanishes into air when you do."

Of his own recordings, Montoya is most satisfied with *Fiesta Flamenca* (Cook 10271); *Flamenco Fire* (ABC-Paramount 191); and *Carlos Montoya and His Flamenco Guitar* (Victor LPM-1610). Now recording exclusively for Victor, Montoya recently made for the label his first album with a jazz rhythm section, *From St. Louis to Seville*, due for release next spring. He is fond of American jazz, finding in it some of the same degree of spontaneity as in flamenco. "The two things about Montoya," according to Johnny Camacho, who is in charge of his Victor sessions, "are that you never know what he's going to do and he lives everything he plays."

Montoya has had no formal training on the guitar since he left Pepe el Barbero. He does not believe it possible to play both classical and flamenco guitar well. "One or the other must suffer." A few months ago, Andrés Segovia, the most accomplished of all classical guitarists, was visiting the Montoyas. "To Carlos," his wife reported, "Segovia's Bach was a mystery. And Segovia marveled at Carlos' flamenco and wondered how he did it."

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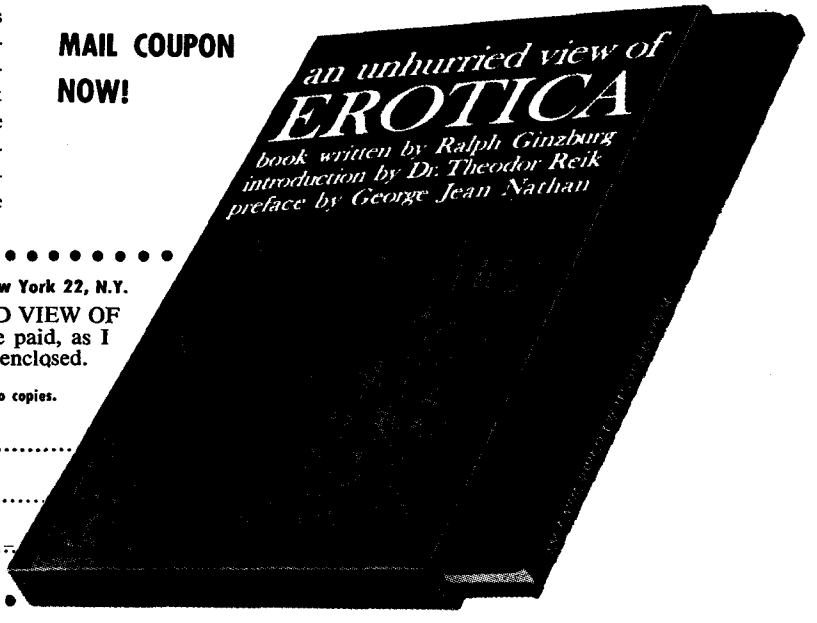
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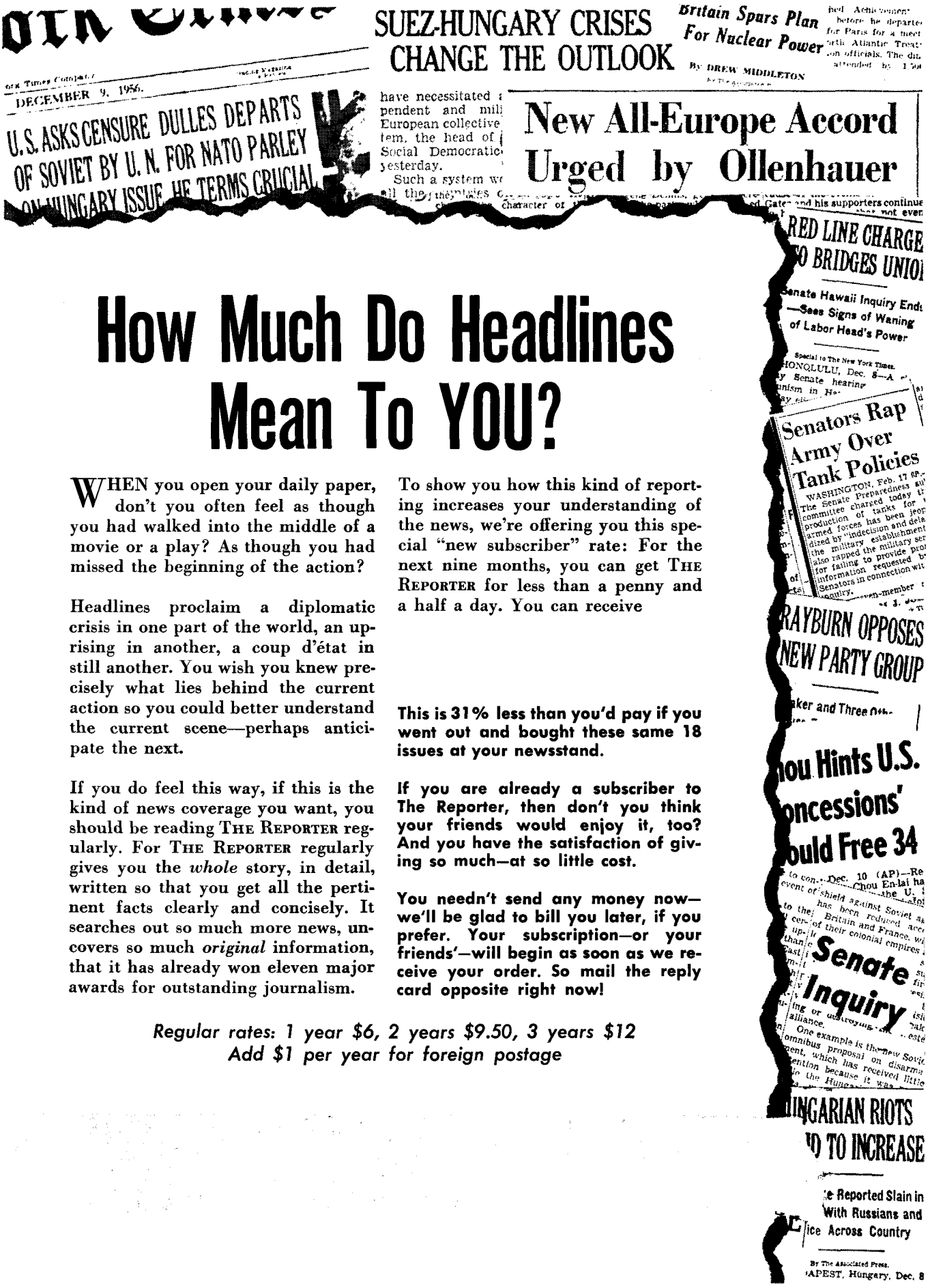

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ANY SIX

of these superb **Classical High-Fidelity**

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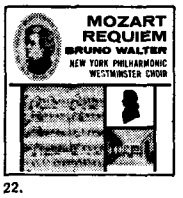
if you join the Columbia (LP) Record Club now — and agree to purchase only 5 selections during the coming 12 months



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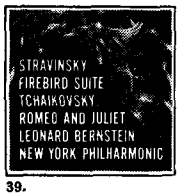
DAVID OISTRAKH
ISAAC STERN violins
VIVALDI: Concerto for Two Violins
BACH: Violin Concertos 1 and 2
Philadelphia Orchestra · Ormandy
40.



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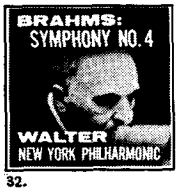

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Through the generous cooperation of the world-famous artists shown above, and many others—the Columbia (LP) Record Club can now help you acquire, regularly and under expert guidance, a distinguished library of the world's finest high-fidelity American and European recordings — at substantial savings!

●

And as a dramatic demonstration of the many benefits you will enjoy as a member, you will receive — at once — ANY 6 of these superb Columbia and Epic records — for less than the list price of one record alone!

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Read below how the Club operates . . . then select the six records you want and mail the coupon — without money — at once!

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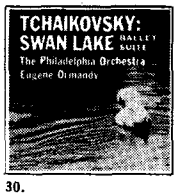

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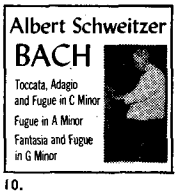

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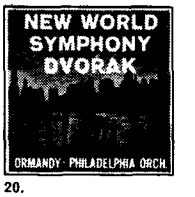

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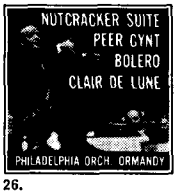

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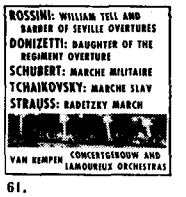
ROSSINI: WILLIAM TELL AND BARBER OF SEVILLE OVERTURES
DONIZETTI: DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT OVERTURE
SCHUBERT: MARCHE MILITAIRE
TCHAIKOVSKY: MARCHE SLAV
STRAUSS: RADETZKY MARCH
VAN KEMPEN
CONCERTGEBOUW AND LAMOUREUX ORCHESTRAS
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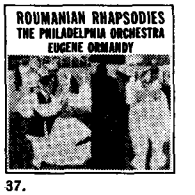

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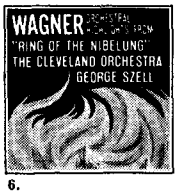

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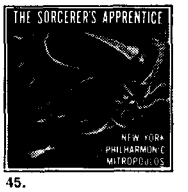

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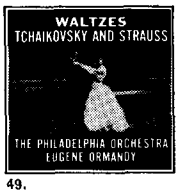

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COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB, Dept. 250-1
Terre Haute, Indiana

Please send me the 6 records whose numbers I have circled at the right, for which I am to be billed only $3.98 plus small mailing charge — and enroll me in the Classical Division of the Club.

My only obligation is to purchase five selections from the more than 200 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing charge. For every two *additional* selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice FREE.

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CIRCLE 6 NUMBERS BELOW:

2. Tchaikovsky: Pathetique Symphony
6. Wagner: Highlights from the "Ring"
10. Schweitzer Plays 3 Bach Organ Works
12. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite
16. Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream; Schubert: Unfinished Symphony
18. Beethoven: Emperor Concerto
20. Dvorak: New World Symphony
22. Mozart: Requiem
24. Paganini, Saint-Saens Violin Concertos
26. Nutcracker Suite; Bolero; etc.
30. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake Ballet Suite
32. Brahms: Symphony No. 4
33. Levant Plays Gershwin
37. Roumanian Rhapsodies 1, 2; Carnival Overture; Francesca da Rimini
39. Firebird Suite; Romeo and Juliet
40. Bach and Vivaldi Violin Concertos
43. Vivaldi: The Seasons
45. Sorcerer's Apprentice; Les Preludes; etc.
47. Grieg Concerto; Rachmaninoff Rhapsody
49. Waltzes of Tchaikovsky and Strauss
50. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas
52. Beethoven: Quartets 9 and 11
56. Bach: Brandenburg Concertos 1, 2, 3
61. Rossini: William Tell Overture, etc. K-38

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES:

★ Each month the Club's staff of musical experts selects a classical recording that will be a distinguished addition to your record library. In addition, at least seven other exceptionally fine recordings, both classical and popular, will be available to you as alternate selections. All are fully described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month

★ You may accept or reject the regular Classical Selection, take any of the other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month

★ Your only membership obligation is to purchase five selections from the more than 200 high-fidelity Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thus, in your first year of membership, you receive eleven records for the price of six — a saving of more than 43% on your record purchases

★ After purchasing only five records, you receive a Columbia or Epic Bonus record of your choice free for every two additional selections you buy

★ You may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing five records

★ The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of $4.98 (Popular Selections are offered at $3.98), plus a small mailing charge

★ Mail coupon today to receive your six records

COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB
Terre Haute, Indiana

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